A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

To wake the Soul, by tender Strokes of Art;
To raiſe the Genius, and to mend the Heart;
To make Mankind in conſcious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold,
For this ——————

POPE.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 60 MAR

A

COLLECTION

OF

MODERN

POEMS.

CONTAINING

THE LOVE OF FAME THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

A POEM ON THE LAST DAY.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

AN HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

THE GRAVE A POEM.

THE HERMIT.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

BY SEVERAL HANDS.

LONDON,

Printed for J. JAMES, in NEW-BOND-STREET.

MDCCLXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
60
MAR

PREFACE.

THESE ſatyrs have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conſcious of the leaſt malevolence to any particular perſon through all the characters; though ſome perſons may be ſo ſelfiſh as to engroſs a general application to themſelves. A writer in polite letters ſhould be content with reputation, the private amuſement he finds in his compoſitions the good influence they have on his ſevere ſtudies, that admiſſion they give him to his ſuperiors, and the poſſible good effect they may have on the public; or elſe he ſhould join to his politeneſs ſome more lucrative qualification.

But it is poſſible that ſatyr may not do much good. Men may riſe in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abuſed by others. It is much to be feared that miſconduct will never be chaced out of the world by ſatyr; all therefore that is to be ſaid for it, is, that miſconduct will certainly be never chaced out of the world by ſatyr, if no ſatyrs are written: which is applicable likeways to graver compoſitions. Ethicks, heathen and chriſtian, and the ſcriptures themſelves, are, in a great meaſure, a ſatyr on the weakneſs and iniquity of men; and ſome part of that ſatyr is in verſe too. Nay, in the firſt ages, philoſophy and poetry were the ſame thing; wiſdom wore no other dreſs. So that, I hope, theſe ſatyrs will be the more eaſily pardoned that misfortune by the ſevere. If they like not the faſhion, let them take them by the weight; for ſome weight they have, or the author has failed of his aim. Nay, hiſtorians themſelves may be conſi-

dered as ſatyriſts, and ſatyriſts moſt ſevere; ſince ſuch are moſt human actions, that to relate, is to expoſe them.

No man can converſe much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he muſt either be inſenſible, or grieve, or be angry, or ſmile. Some paſſion (if we are not impaſſive) muſt be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reaſonable and virtuous man. Now, to ſmile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think moſt eligible, as it hurts ourſelves leaſt, and gives vice and folly the greateſt offence: and that for this reaſon, becauſe what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and eſteem. Which truth is the ſubject of the following ſatyrs; and joins them together, as ſeveral branches from the ſame root. An unity of deſign, which has not, I think, in a ſet of ſatyrs, been attempted before.

Laughing at the miſconduct of the world, will, in a great meaſure, caſe us of any more diſagreeable paſſion about it. One paſſion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reaſon, whatever ſome may teach: for to reaſon we owe our paſſions. Had we not reaſon, we ſhould not be offended at what we find amiſs. And the cauſe ſeems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing ſatyr bids the faireſt for ſucceſs. The world is too proud to be fond of a ſerious tutor: and when an author is in a paſſion, the laugh, generally, as in converſation, turns againſt him. This kind of ſatyr only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy HORACE is the beſt maſter: He appears in good humour while he cenſures; and therefore his cenſure has the more weight, as ſuppoſed to proceed from judgment, not from paſſion. JUVENAL is even in a paſſion; he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality: the laſt of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I, compared with the ſublime JUVENAL,

in part of the ſixth ſatyr (where the occaſion moſt required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the writer and reader too. BOILEAU has joined both the ROMAN ſatyriſts with great ſucceſs; but has too much of JUVENAL in his very ſerious ſatyr on woman, which ſhould have been the gayeſt of all. An excellent critic of our own commends BOILEAU's cloſeneſs, or, as he calls it, preſſneſs, particularly: whereas it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault ſhould be imputed to him.

There are ſome proſe-ſatyriſts of the greateſt delicacy and wit; the leaſt of which can never, or ſhould never ſucceed without the former. An author without it betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himſelf, which are bad advocates for reputation and ſucceſs. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of CERVANTES and RABELAIS? The laſt has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jeſt; but the genius and the ſcholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converſe with in him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for ſome ſervices; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men, and our unaffected taſte as judges of compoſition. Nature has wiſely formed us with an averſion to it: And he that ſucceeds in ſpight of it is, * *Aliena venia, quàm ſua providentia, tutior.*

Such wits like falſe oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats) ſhould ſet up for reputation among the weak, in ſome BOEOTIA, which was the land of oracles; for the wiſe will hold them in contempt. Some wits too like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal ſucceſs; for though ambiguities are the firſt excellence of an impoſtor, they are the laſt of a wit.

Some ſatyrical wits and humoriſts, like their father LUCIAN, laugh at every thing indiſcriminately;

* Val. Max.

which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and ſuch a want of virtue, as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some FRENCH writers particularly are guilty of this in matters of the laſt conſequence, and ſome of our own. They that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of PLATO's fable of the birth of love; one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity; which will hold likeways with regard to modern poetry. Love, (ſays he) is the ſon of the goddeſs POVERTY, and the god of RICHES: He has, from his father, his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building caſtles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and diſtinction. From his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his ſervility; his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeperable from him. This addition may be made, *viz.* That poetry, like love, is a little ſubject to blindneſs, which makes her miſtake her way to preferments and honours; that ſhe has her ſatyrical quiver; and, laſtly, that ſhe retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

However, this is not neceſſity but choice: were wiſdom her governeſs, ſhe might have much more of the father than the mother; eſpecially in ſuch an age as this, which [illegible] paſſion for her charms.

SATYR I.

To his GRACE the

DUKE of DORSET.

——Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt, quam Virtutis. JUV. SAT. 10.

MY verſe is ſatyr, DORSET, lend your ear,
And patronize a muſe you cannot fear.
To poets ſacred is a DORSET's name,
Their wonted paſsport thro' the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praiſe,
And throws a glory round the ſhelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can ſee,
And gives applauſe to B——E, or to me.
But you decline the miſtreſs we purſue;
Others are fond of fame, but fame of you.
Inſtructive ſatyr, true to virtue's cauſe!
Thou ſhining ſupplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage;
When follies, purchas'd from each diſtant land,
Like arts, improve in BRITAIN's ſkilful hand;

When the law ſhews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And ſouth-ſea treaſures are not brought to light;
When churchmen ſcripture for the claſſicks quit,
Polite apoſtates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue ſpent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying ſinners, to blot out their ſcore,
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore;
To chaſe our ſpleen, when themes like theſe increaſe,
Shall panegyric reign, and cenſure ceaſe?

Shall poeſy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications waſh an ÆTHIOP white,
Set up each ſenſeleſs wretch for nature's boaſt,
On whom praiſe ſhines, as trophies on a poſt?
Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours ſpread,
And ſcatter roſes on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
And ſatyrize with nothing—but their praiſe?

Why ſlumbers POPE, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER are dead,
And guilt's chief Foe in ADDISON is fled;
CONGREVE, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits ſmiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; (and more provoking ſtill!)
Ye God's! he will not write, and MÆVIUS will.

Doubly diſtreſs'd, what Author ſhall we find
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly * ROMAN's ſhining Path to tread,
And ſharply ſmile prevailing folly dead?
Will no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe
What will not men attempt for ſacred praiſe?

* *Horace.*

The love of praiſe, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows in every heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modeſt ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
O'er globes and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.
'Tis tory, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in ſenates, ſqueaks in maſquerades.
Here to S——E's humor makes a bold pretence;
There bolder aims at P——Y's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writers head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life; but nods in ſable plumes,
Adorns our hearſe, and flatters on our tombs.
What is not proud? The pimp is proud to ſee
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims born
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look another way they ſteer,
Pray to the Gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their ſins they ſet ſincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wiſhful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rds a book,
Or pompous title, like a gaudy ſign
Mean'd to betray dull ſots to wretched wine.
If at his title T— had dropt his quill,
T— might have paſt for a great genius ſtill;
But T— alas! (excuſe him if you can)
Is now a ſcribler, who was once a man.
Imperious ſome a claſſic fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,

A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depoſed, and B with pomp reſtor'd.
Some for renown on ſcraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd
Both ſtrive to make our poverty our pride.
On glaſs how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever diamond coſt a man ſo dear?
Polite diſeaſes make ſome ideots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads flattery,
Whoſe praiſe defames, as if a fool ſhould mean
By ſpitting in your face to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with pride,
Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The love of fame
Made bold ALPHONSUS his creator blame,
EMPEDOCLES hurl'd down the burning ſteep,
And (ſtranger ſtill!) made ALEXANDER weep.
Nay it holds DELIA from a ſecond bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This paſſion with a pimple have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.
By this inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to ſpell, and ſome to knot.
It makes GLOBOSE a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.
It makes dear ſelf on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.
Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the ſenate thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great HOMER! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of BRITISH fools.

Satyr! had I thy DORSET's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Tho' for the firſt all WESTMINSTER ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all GRESHAM intercede.
Begin. Who firſt the catalogue ſhall grace?
To quality belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes foreward; foreward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room:
He ſtands for fame on his forefather's feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or diſcreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three deſcents leſs wiſe?
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look backward, and ſo loſe the race.
Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.
To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honeſt men and wiſe;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their debt, inſtead of their diſcharge.
DORSET, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, ſhine.
Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the muſe muſt own
We want not fools to buy that BRISTOL ſtone.
Mean ſons of earth, who on a ſouth-ſea tide
Of full ſucceſs ſwam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purſe of gold at ANSTIS' gate,
And beg to be deſcended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more

Thoſe governments, which curb not evils, cauſe;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.
BELUS with ſolid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty ſound,
But builds himſelf a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immenſe eſtate:
In coſt, and grandeur, C——DOS he'll outdo,
And, B—L—TON, thy taſte is not ſo true.
The pile is finiſh'd, every toil is paſt,
And full perfection is arriv'd at laſt;
When lo! my lord to ſome ſmall corner runs,
And leaves ſtate-rooms to ſtrangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from whence to run away.
In BRITAIN what is many a lordly ſeat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?
In ſmaller compaſs lies PYGMALION's fame;
Not domes, but antique ſtatues are his flame;
Not F--T--N's ſelf more PARIAN charms has known;
Nor is good L——B——KE more in love with ſtone.
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his VENUS into gold.
"No, ſirs, he cries, I'll ſooner rot in jail.
"Shall GRECIAN arts be truck'd for ENGLISH bail?"
Such heads might make their very buſto's laugh;
His daugther ſtarves, but * CLEOPATRA's ſafe.
Men overloaded with a large eſtate
May ſpill their treaſure in a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite, but oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you're curious, when we ſwear you're mad.
By your revenue meaſure your expence,
And to your funds and acres join your ſenſe.
No man is bleſt by accident or gueſs,
True wiſdom is the price of happineſs:

* A famous ſtatue.

Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage,
And our youth only lays up ſighs for age.
But how, my muſe, can'ſt thou reſiſt ſo long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
The moſt inviting theme? The court affords
Much food for ſatyr, it abounds in lords.
"What lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt out, and one as lately in.
"How comes it then to paſs, we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of pride?"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deſerts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in diſgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like AARON'S, to their raviſh'd ſight;
Some lords it bids reſign, and turn their wands,
Like MOSES, into ſerpents in their hands.
Theſe ſink, as divers for renown; and boaſt,
With pride inverted, of their honours loſt.
But againſt reaſon ſure 'tis equal ſin,
To boaſt of merely being out or in.
What numbers, here, thro' odd ambition ſtrive
To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive?
As if by joy deſert was underſtood,
And all the fortunate were wiſe and good.
Hence aching boſoms wear a viſage gay,
And ſtifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Compleatly dreſt by * MONTEUIL and grimace,
They take their birth-day ſuit and publick face:
Their ſmiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half ſo bad?
With anxious care they labour to be glad.

* A famous taylor.

What numbers, here, would into fame advance,
Conſcious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
The tavern! park! aſſembly! mask! and play!
Thoſe dear deſtroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that ſaunter of the town!
Call it diverſion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools, and ſtoic-like ſupport,
Without one ſigh, the pleaſure of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wiſe and good,
But ſcorn of pomp, and love of ſolitude.
High ſtations tumult, but not bliſs create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great;
Fools gaze and envy; envy darts a ſting
Which makes a ſwain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and ſhow,
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me indulgent Gods! with mind ſerene
Aud guiltleſs heart to range the ſylvan ſcene.
No ſplendid poverty, no ſmiling care,
No well-bred hate, or ſervile grandeur there:
There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt,
The ſenſe is raviſh'd, and the ſoul is bleſt;
On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows,
In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows.
But ſome, untought, o'erhear the whiſp'ring rill,
In ſpight of ſacred leiſure blockheads ſtill;
Nor ſhoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the drawing-room.
The ſquire is proud to ſee his courſer ſtrain,
Or well breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say, dear HIPPOLYTUS, (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a chriſtmas-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friends receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound
And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted ground;

Is that thy praiſe? Let RINGWOOD's fame alone;
Juſt RINGWOOD leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gypſy you commit,
And ſhake the clumſy bench with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the jeſt you made.
Here breathe, my muſe! and then thy taſk renew,
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view.
Fewer lay-atheiſts made by church-debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large eſtates:
Ladies whoſe love is conſtant as the wind;
Cits who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to SCR——PE diſcreetly bend:
And fewer ſhocks a ſtateſman gives his friend.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his ſtrain,
At BATH in ſummer chants the reigning laſs,
And ſweetly whiſtles as the waters paſs?
Is there a tongue, like DELIA's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
Such, and ſuch only might exhauſt my theme;
Nor would theſe heroes of the taſk be glad,
For who can write ſo faſt as men run mad?

SATYR II.

MY muſe, proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain ſatyr calls for ſenſe in every line:
Then to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.

When ſuch the foe, a war eternal wage,
Tis moſt ill nature to repreſs thy rage;
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did not write.
So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty vanity! to thee they owe
Their zeſt of pleaſure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the ſun, all colours doſt contain,
Varying like rays of light on drops of rain.
For every ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown,
* HIPPOLYTUS demands the ſylvan crown;
But FLORIO's fame, the product of a ſhow'r,
Glows in his garden, an illuſtrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? To make † PAUL DIACK riſe.
From morn to night has FLORIO gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the Gods could be ſo good.
What ſhape? What hue? Was ever nymph ſo fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat, bird ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies FLORIO down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! ſee thy fair ſiſter's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O floriſt, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble fame;
A quaker ſerv'd him, ADAM was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;

* This refers to the firſt Satyr.
† The name of a Tulip.

But came, and miſt it one ill-fated hour.
He rag'd! he roar'd! 'What DÆMON cropt my
flow'r?'
Serene quoth ADAM, 'lo! 'twas cruſh'd by me;
'Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bow'dſt thy knee.'
'But all men want amuſement, and what crime
'In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?'
None; but why proud of this? To fame they ſoar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll aſk no more.
We ſmile at floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy and purſue with fire?
What's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another FLORIO doating on a flow'r;
A ſhort-liv'd flow'r, and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as FLORIO's out of dung.
With what, O CODRUS! is thy fancy ſmit?
The flow'r of learning and the bloom of wit,
Thy gawdy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And EPICTETUS is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard,
And T——N, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end aſſign'd,
Studys the ſpecious trifling of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondry aim,
A chace for ſport alone, and not for game:
If ſo, ſure they who the meer volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lyes.
On buying books LORENZO long was bent.
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when lo! a ſale comes on;
A choice collection! What is to be done?

He ſells his laſt; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to ly:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For ROMANS, GREEKS, and ORIENTALS ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
LORENZO ſign'd the bargain—with his mark.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is CODRUS' erudite ambition ſhown?
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what CODRUS would be thought;
And to this coſt another muſt ſucceed,
To pay a ſage who ſays that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indexes has ſeen;
But leaves to——what lies between,
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their ſenſe.
O ——, whoſe accompliſhments make good
The promiſe of a long illuſtrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt honour! and the fineſt taſte!
Accept this verſe, if ſatyr can agree
With ſo conſummate an humanity,
By your example would HILARIO mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit?
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For tho' he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to uſe, not waſte his ſenſe,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
His briſk attack on blockheads we ſhould prize,
Were not his jeſt as flippant with the wiſe.
He ſpares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like dooms-day, all the faults of all mankind.

What tho' wit tickles? Tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being ſmart,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, good nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as ſeldom as your ſword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear,
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So wit is by politeneſs ſharpeſt ſet:
Their want of edge from their offence is ſeen,
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.
The fame men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jeſter when the joke's unkind.
Since MARCUS, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my firſt ſatyr ſweetly reprimand.
If that juſt offence to MARCUS gave,
Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a fool or knave?
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who,
No maſk ſo good, but MARCUS muſt ſhine through;
Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell,
Thy beſt concealment had been writing well:
But thou a brave neglect of fame haſt ſhown,
Of others' fame, great genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
The man who pardons, diſappoints his foe.
In malice to proud wits, ſome proudly lull
Their peeviſh reaſon, vain of being dull;
When ſome home joke has ſtung their ſolemn ſculs,
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;

* Letters ſent to the author, ſigned MARCUS.

Thro' ſpleen, that little nature gave, make leſs,
Quite zealous in the ways of heavineſs;
To lumps inanimate a fondneſs take,
And diſinherit ſons that are awake.
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you——"he's a wit."
Poor negroes, thus, to ſhew their burning ſpite
To Cacodæmons, ſay, they're dev'liſh white.

LAMPRIDIUS from the bottom of his breaſt
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his grief? One carries in his head
A leſs proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a juſtice of the peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a diamond ſcorn,
And feed a paſſion for a grain of corn,
Some ſtupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with much pains exerting all his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby-father craves a booby-ſon,
And by heav'n's bleſſing thinks himſelf undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to ſame a plea;
One learns to liſp, another not to ſee;
Miſs D— tottering catches at your hand;
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe, what nature gave, diſown thro' pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd fools will purſue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.

CRASSUS, a grateful ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport.
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"
Then quotes the ſtagyrite to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething new."

Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he wiſely look, and gravely plead?
As far a formaliſt from wiſdom ſits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
Ye ſubtle wights, (ſo blind are mortal men,
Tho' ſatyr couch them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off nonſenſe with the better grace:
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where pins are to be ſold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can artifice diſdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a ſot.
I find the fool when I behold the ſkreen;
For 'tis the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.
Hence,——, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor mimick art;
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.
With generous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of court and town the noon-tide maſquerade,
Where ſwarms of knaves the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a naked face?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where generous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a brother is undone?
Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at WHITE's was young FLORELLO ſeen.
How blank his look? how diſcompos'd his mien?
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his coat was plain.

Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a ſilver lace.
A curious artiſt, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome god inſpir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln tyes an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous watch-caſe, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conſcience, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
ST—PE in wit, in breeding D—L—NE.
Whene'er by ſeeming chance he throws an eye
On mirrors flaſhing with the TYRIAN dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart?
But fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures brought from FRANCE he wheels,
And triumphs conſcious of his learned heels.
So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
A calf of genius debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the ſtream.
MOSOES is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpris'd.
In linen clean or peruke undiſguis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear,
Valu'd, like leopards, as their ſpots appear.
A fam'd ſur-tout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe.
On Day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame;
But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpris'd the darling rent;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
"And glory at one entrance quite ſhut out." *

* *Milton.*

He ſcorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim:
Thus in each other both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves with undiſcerning eyes;
Their method various, but alike their aim:
The ſloven and the fopling are the ſame.

Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you purſue;
Then both club nonſenſe and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom ſentiments divide.
You vent your ſpleen, as monkeys, when they paſs,
Scratch at the mimick monkey in the glaſs,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand as fools alone.

"But who art thou?" Methinks FLORELLO cries.
"Of all thy ſpecies art thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twitch,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
FLORELLO, thou my monitor ſhalt be;
I'll conjure thus ſome profit out of thee.

O thou myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home.
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lyes throbbing at thy heart;
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe?
Know fame and fortune both are made of proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's paſt;
I'm nearer death in this verſe than the laſt:
What then is to be done? Be wiſe with ſpeed:
A Fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what ſo fooliſh as the chace of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men, who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But bubbles on the rapid ſtream of time,

That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thouſand in an hour?

SATYR III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr *DODINGTON.*

LONG, DODINGTON, in debt, I long have ſought
To eaſe the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you ſee,
Grant him two favours, and he'll aſk for three:
For whoſe the preſent glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
You love and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
And know the baſis of a ſolid fame,
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raiſe my verſe, conceal your own.
An ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted BRITAIN bright examples more!
Her learning and her genius too decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live on alms of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men, and they, who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the Sons of cold deſpair;

Or, if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
Of ſuch who run in debt for their diſgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with Improvements of their own.
We bring ſome new materials, and what's old
New-caſt with care, and in no borrow'd mold;
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe,
And from four critics vindicate the muſe.
" Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens ſtill to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
For, grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of NILE,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell deſtroyer feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than thoſe who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
BALBUTIUS, muffled in his ſable clock,
Like an old druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as boading cries,
Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!
Yé doctors ſage, who thro' PARNASSUS teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach,
One judges, as the weather dictates right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's principles or parentage;
Since his great anceſtors in FLANDERS fell,
The poem, doubtleſs, muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look;
Another judges, for he bought the book;

Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to ſleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves not give the writer fame.
The very beſt ambitiouſly adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe:
None are at leaſure others to reward;
They ſcarce will damn, but out of ſelf-regard.
Critic's on verſe, as ſquibs on triumphs, wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper ſtink and die.
Rail on my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than COMPTON'S ſmile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on books their criticiſm waſte;
The genius of a diſh ſome juſtly taſte,
And eat their way to fame; with anxious thought
The ſalmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bid DECEMBER yield the fruits of MAY;
Their various cares in one great point combine,
The buſineſs of their lives, that is—to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feaſt,
And to a kind digeſtion ſpare the reſt.
APICIUS here, the taſter of the town,
Feeds twice a week to ſettle their renown.
Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſcared annals of their bills of fare;
In thoſe choice books their panegyrics read,
And ſcorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.
To glory ſome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame;
Their front ſupplies what their ambition lacks,
They know a thouſand lords behind their backs.

COTTIL is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And H—y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd ſops by whom ſhe ne'er was ſeen.
NIGER adopts ſtray libels, wiſely prone
To covet ſhame ſtill greater than his own.
BATHYLLUS, in the winter of threeſcore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Abſence of mind BRABANTIO turns to fame,
Learns to miſtake, nor knows his brother's name;
His words and thoughts in nice diſorder ſet,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them ſots.
As love of pleaſure into pain betrays,
So moſt grows infamous thro' love of praiſe.
But whence for praiſe can ſuch an ardor riſe,
When thoſe, who bring that incenſe, we deſpiſe?
For ſuch the vanity of great and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can ev'n ſatyr blame them; for 'tis true
They muſt have ample cauſe for what they do.
O fruitful BRITAIN! doubtleſs thou was meant
A nurſe of fools to ſtock the continent.
Tho' PHOEBUS and the nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſcythe will grow,
The plentious harveſt calls me foreward ſtill,
Till I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill,
A WELCH deſcent, which well-paid heralds damn,
Or, longer ſtill, a DUTCHMAN's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See TITYRUS with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter ere he hears the jeſt;
What need he ſtay? for, when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.

Is there of theſe, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe monkeys for your mirth?
Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houſes ſome, nay, houſes that they hire;
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boaſt, like cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.
Sometimes, thro' pride, the ſexes change their airs,
My lord has vapours, and my lady ſwears;
Then, (ſtranger ſtill!) on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.
To ſhew the ſtrength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis followed and by all deny'd,
What numbers are there which at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it too?
VINCENNA knows ſelf-praiſe betrays to ſhame,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modeſty's diſguiſe
To win applauſe, and takes it by ſurpriſe.
"To err (ſays he) in ſmall things is my fate."
You know your anſwer, "he's exact in great."
"My ſtile, (ſays he) is rude, and full of faults;
"But O! what ſenſe! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra he muſt confeſs;
But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs.
"Ah! that's a hit indeed; (VINCENNA cries)
"But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe?
"I own 'twas wrong when thouſands call'd me back,
"To make that hopeleſs-ill adviſ'd attack;
"All ſay 'twas madneſs, nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, VINCENNA, could deceive in thee,
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on one ſleeve wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the court without a proſpect there.

Are theſe expedients for renown? Confeſs
Thy little ſelf, that I may ſcorn thee leſs.
Be wiſe, VINCENNA, and the court forſake,
Our fortunes there nor thou nor I ſhall make.
Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign,
Moſt manfully beſiege their patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
With painful art and application warm,
And take at laſt ſome little place by ſtorm;
Enough to keep two ſhoes on SUNDAY clean,
And ſtarve upon diſcreetly in SHEER-LANE.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then ſtarve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes ſome great men confer;
But often, ev'n doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favours come;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that's neareſt, yawning the advance;
'Tis Inhumanity to bleſs by chance.
If merit ſues, and greatneſs is ſo loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.
I grant at court, PHILANDER, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely Wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue ſhe's poſſeſt.
PHILANDER! thou art exquiſitely bleſt,
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found who may be juſtly proud:
But ſee! how fickly is ambition's taſte?
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loathes a feaſt;
For lo! PHILANDER, of reproach afraid,
In ſecret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.
Some nymphs ſell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
ITALIAN muſick's ſweet, becauſe 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear;

Their taſtes would leſſen if the prices fell,
And SHAKESPEAR's wretched ſtuff do quite as well.
Away the diſenchanted fair would throng,
And own that ENGLISH is their mother-tongue.
To ſhew how much our northern taſtes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes outſhine;
While tradeſmen ſtarve theſe PHILOMELS are gay;
For generous Lords had rather give than pay.
O laviſh land! for ſound at ſuch expence?
But then ſhe ſaves it in her bills for ſenſe.
Muſick I paſſionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for its ſake ſuch dramas I ſuſtain.
An opera, like a pillory, may be ſaid
To nail our ears down, but expoſe our head.
Behold the maſquerade's fantaſtick ſcene!
The legiſlature join'd with DRURY-LANE!
When BRITAIN calls th' embroider'd patriots run,
And ſerve their country——if the dance is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs, but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth of politeneſs is the needful ground,
Where that is wanting this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis ſolid bodies only poliſh well.
Great, choſen prophet! For theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
Well, H——R, doſt thou thy maſter ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his ſervant ſhou'd not ſtarve;
Thou to his name haſt ſplendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worſhip ſeen him prais'd,
Gawdy devotion, like a ROMAN, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in tongue unknown;
Inferior off'rings to thy god of voice,
Are duly paid in fiddles, cards and dice;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme an hundred maids!
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!

If maids the quite exhauſted town denies,
An hundred heads of cuckolds muſt ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the converted land,
To ſee the fifty churches at a ſtand.
And that thy miniſtry may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of minor prophets a ſucceſſion ſure
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.
See commons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate
In ſolemn council met and deep debate!
What godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fix'd is fate of whores and fiddle-ſtrings!
Tho' bold theſe truths, thou, muſe, with truths like theſe,
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like juſt tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common ſenſe,
To write a ſatyr which gave none offence?
And ſince from life I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure me?
On them my muſe! and fools and knaves expoſe,
And ſince thou canſt not make a friend, make foes:
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, were lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honeſt men pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price?
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
If bleſt with pliant, tho' but ſlender ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence.
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face,

A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the great.
To merit, is but to provide a pain
From men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May, DODINGTON, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By WALPOLE's Conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, here, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you, abroad, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd:
Bear this from one who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh with eaſe we fancy near.

SATYR IV.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *SPENCER COMPTON.*

ROUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
So ſweet the verſe, th' ambitious verſe ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, COMPTON, born o'er ſenates to preſide,
Their dignity to raiſe, their councils guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;

Of diſtant virtues nice extreams to blend,
The crown's aſſerter, and the people's friend:
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid'ſt ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the muſe;
Thy ſmiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inſpire.

Vex'd at a publick fame ſo juſtly won,
The jealous CHREMES is with ſpleen undone.
CHREMES, for airy penſions of renown,
Devotes his ſervice to the ſtate and crown;
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Tho' BRITAIN's thankleſs ſtill this patriot loves:
But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the publick good;
Conſults the ſacred ſtream, and there foreſees
What ſtorms of ſun-ſhine providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate;
A QUID-NUNC is an almanack of ſtate.

You ſmile, and think this ſtateſmen void of uſe.
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since apes can roaſt the choice CASTANIAN nut,
Since ſteeds of genius are expert at PUT,
Since half the ſenate "Not content" can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things.
Poor CHREMES can't conduct his own eſtate,
And thence has undertaken EUROPE's fate.

GEHENNO leaves the realm to CHREMES' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill;
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a bible and a ſhoulder-knot;
Deep in the ſecret he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that ſaves his ſoul;

To talk with rev'rence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his tender reaſon with the creed.
Howe'er, well-bred, in publick he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blaſphemies.
Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling ſtocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the ſun ſhines BLUNT talks with wond'rous force
But thunder mars ſmall beer and weak diſcourſe.
Such uſeful inſtruments the weather ſhow.
Juſt as their MERCURY is high or low.
Health chiefly keeps an atheiſt in the dark;
A fever argues better than a CLARKE:
Let but the logic in his pulſe decay,
The GRECIAN he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd once ſo well.
C——, who makes ſo merry with the creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves indeed;
But only thinks ſo; to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.
Of ſome for glory ſuch the boundleſs rage,
That they're the blackeſt ſcandal of their age.
NARCISSUS the TARTARIAN club diſclaims,
Nay, a free-maſon with ſome terror names,
Omits no duty, nor can envy ſay
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the church or play;
He makes no noiſe in parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his debts and viſits when they're due;
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can out-bow the bowing dean;
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of idleneſs beyond belief,

Moſt charitably lend the town his face,
For ornament, in every public place;
As ſure as cards he to th' aſſembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.
When OMBRE calls his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not to make three.
NARCISSUS is the glory of his race:
For who does nothing with a better grace?
To deck my liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining expletives of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and paſſion to be wrong.
To counterpoiſe this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are ſingular and odd;
What other men diſlike, is ſure to pleaſe
Of all mankind theſe dear antipodes;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And birth days are their days of dreſſing ill.
ARB——T is a fool, and F—— a ſage,
S——LY will fright you, E—— engage,
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and S——X is the worſt of friends.
They take their reſt by day, and wake by night,
And bluſh if you ſurpriſe them in the right,
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Q——Y is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in faſhion, but a fool that's out;
His paſſion for abſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhown
In wearing others follies, than your own.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than S——, the foremoſt toyman of his time?

His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich ſhell enhances,
And ASHMOLE's baby-houſe is, in his view,
BRITANNIA's golden mine, a rich PERU!
How his eyes languiſh? How his thoughts adore
That painted coat which JOSEPH never wore?
He ſhews, on holidays, a ſacred pin
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd queen BESS's chin.
" Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
" Since the great plague that ſwept as many more,
" Was ever year unbleſt as this? (he'll cry,)
" It has not brought us one new butterfly!
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as theſe,
Unhappy I——Y! how came you to pleaſe?
Not gawdy butterflies are LICO's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame.
Warm in purſuit he levees all the great,
Stanch to the foot of title and eſtate.
Where'er their lordſhips go, they never find,
Or LICO, or their ſhadows lag behind;
He ſets them ſure, where'er their lordſhips run,
Cloſe at their elbows as a morning-dun;
As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But, after ſeven years dance from place to place,
The * DANE is more familiar with his grace.
Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,
Or living pendant dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets, which were blown
For month's before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a glaſs, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy pin to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchſafes it leave;

* A *Daniſh* Dog.

Or cuſhion, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or thump it for his better eaſe;
Or a vile butt, for noon, or night beſpoke,
When the peer raſhly ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
His lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the Gods profoundly bow,
That can cry chimney ſweep, or drive the plough?
With terms like theſe how mean the tribe that cloſe?
Scarce meaner they who terms like theſe impoſe.
But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs auctions hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold.
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:
For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
"B——LE ſhines in council, M——T in the fight,
"P——L——M's magnificent; but I can write,
"And what to my great ſoul like glory dear;"
'Till ſome god whiſpers in his tringling ear,
That fame's unwholſom taken without meat,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is ate:
Grown lean and wiſe, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his wit.
Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a poſt?
Or that his ſhining page (provoking fate!)
Defends ſurloins which ſons of dulneſs eat?
What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears?
What cruel proſeman can refrain from tears?
When the poor muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
A proſtitute on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for geneva in the mint?

Ye bards! why will you ſing, tho' uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you ſtarve, to be admir'd?
Defunct by PHOEBUS' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your ſpectres haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that excreſcence of the head,
Like hair, will ſprout, altho' the poet's dead.
All other trades demand, verſe-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg;
A barren LABEO, the true mumper's faſhion,
Expoſes borrow'd brats to move compaſſion.
Tho' ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend,
Nay, more, tho' gentle DAMON is my friend.
"Is't then a crime to write?"——If talents rare
Proclaim the God, the crime is to forbear:
For ſome, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen,
Who know the muſe's worth, and therefore court
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her ſupport;
Who ſerve, unaſk'd, the leaſt pretence to wit;
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
Will H——T pardon, if I dare commend
H——T, with zeal a patron and a friend?
A——LE true writ is ſtudious to reſtore,
And D——T ſmiles, if PHOEBUS ſmil'd before;
P——KE in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And HENRIETTA like a muſe inſpires.
But ah! not inſpiration can obtain
That fame which poets languiſh for in vain.
How mad their aim? Who thirſt for glory, ſtrive
To graſp what no man can poſſeſs alive.
Fame's a reverſion in which men take place,
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious LINTOT knows ſo well,
He ſtarves his authors that their works may ſell.
That fame is wealth fantaſtic poets cry;
That wealth is fame another clan reply,

Who know no guilt, no ſcandal but in rags,
And ſwell in juſt proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The firſt young lord, which in the MALL you meet,
Shall match the verieſt hunks in LOMBARD-STREET,
From reſcu'd candles ends who rais'd a ſum,
And ſtarves to join a penny to a plumb.
A beardleſs miſer? 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a ſcandal all our own.
Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich CASTALIO dies;
Name but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine MONIMIA, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail, but——half a crown.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made.
Not ſuch ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When HARRY conquer'd, and half FRANCE expir'd,
He'd be a ſlave, a pimp, a dog for gain,
Nay, a dull ſheriff for his golden chain.
"Who'd be a ſlave?" the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory ſparkles from his eyes.
To deathleſs fame he loudly pleads his right——
Juſt is his title——for I will not fight:
All ſoldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty——by their place.
But, when indulging on the laſt campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of ſlain,
He gives the foes he ſlew, at each vain word,
A ſweet revenge, and half abſolves his ſword.
Of boaſting more than of a bomb afraid,
A ſoldier ſhould be modeſt as a maid:
Fame is a bubble the reſerv'd enjoy;
Who ſtrive to graſp it, as they touch deſtroy:

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But, if you pay yourſelf, the world is free.
Were there no tongue to ſpeak them but his own,
AUGUSTUS' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
AUGUSTUS' deeds; if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and miſguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I ſpeak,
The ROMAN would not bluſh at the miſtake.

SATYR V.

On WOMEN.

O faireſt of creation! laſt and beſt
Of all God's works! creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt!———— MILTON.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own.
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you diſcern it, in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair;
Or roul the lucid orbit of an eye;
Or in full joy elaborate a ſigh.
The ſex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for ſuch a fruitful theme.
A theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since ſatyrizing thoſe, is praiſing thee;

Who would'ſt not bear, too modeſtly refin'd,
A panegyric of a groſſer kind.
BRITANNIA's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, loſe their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarniſh to the ſated ſight.
As unreſerv'd and beauteous as the ſun,
Thro' every ſign of vanity they run;
Aſſemblies, parks, coarſe feaſts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, SMITHFIELD-ſcenes,
And fortune-tellers, caves, and lions dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Inſtalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers and funerals, puppet-ſhows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbets, (and ſtill ſtranger!) pews.
CLARINDA's boſom burns, but burns for fame
And love lies vanquiſh'd in a nobler flame;
Warm gleams of hope ſhe now diſpenſes; then,
Like APRIL ſuns, dives into clouds again.
With all her luſtre, now, her lover warms;
Then, out of oſtentation, hides her charms.
'Tis, next, her pleaſure ſweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;
Then, ſhe ſtarts up, all extaſy and bliſs,
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere in this.
O how ſhe rouls her charming eyes in ſpight!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like our heroes, much more brave than wiſe,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.
ZARA reſembles ÆTNA crown'd with ſnows;
Without ſhe freezes, and within ſhe glows:
Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inſpir'd,
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,

She reads the pſalms, and chapters for the day
In —— CLEOPATRA, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy ZARA, with a ſolemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
Nor far beneath her in renown is ſhe,
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company;
Whoſe manners will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her ſubtle head,
And vows—that her great-grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn—to hear.
In that the ſkill of converſation lies,
That ſhews, or makes you both polite and wiſe.
ZANTIPPE cries, "let nymphs who nought can ſay
" Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
" And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs
" By tame behaviour and a ſoft addreſs."
Thro' virtues ſhe refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Thro' wiſdom ſhe refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit:
Then, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain.
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind ſent,
Juſt intimates the lady's diſcontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame;
But keen ZANTIPPE, ſcorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and compoſing tea.
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She ſhakes the curtains with her kind advice.
Doubly, like echo, ſound is her delight,
And the laſt word is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be wiſe?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills to man belong:
What black, what ceaſeleſs cares beſiege our ſtate?
What ſtrokes we feel from fancy and from fate?
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We make misfortune, ſuicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is nature backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On folly's errands, as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread.
Few know ſo many friends alive as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chace
We preſs coy fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the toys we ſeek,
Join night to day, and SUNDAY to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between ſatiety and fierce deſire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands looked mild, and ſavages grew tame.
The ſylvan race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they compleat;
There maſter BETTY leaps a five-bar'd gate;
While fair miſs CHARLES to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barbarous ſun and wind.

Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd ſteed;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And FOBERT has the forming of the fair.
More than one ſteed muſt DELIA's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
And as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the ſilken thong?
Graceful, as JOHN, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her diuretick ſtrains.
SESOSTRIS-like, ſuch charioteers as theſe
May drive ſix harnaſs'd monarchs if they pleaſe.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, ſwim, ſhoot flying, and pronounce on wit.
O'er the belle-lettre lovely DAPHNE reigns,
Again the god APOLLO wears her chains.
With legs toſs'd high on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchaſing audience to contending wits:
Of each Performance ſhe's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the town——ſhe's fair.
Had lovely DAPHNE HECATESSA's Face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe?
Some ladies judgment in their features lyes,
And all their genius ſparkles from their eyes.
But hold (ſhe cries) lampooner! have a care:
Muſt I want common ſenſe becauſe I'm fair?
O no: See STELLA, her eyes ſhine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right,
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire,
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could DAPHNE publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to ſenſe,
Nor is't a ſanction for impertinence.

SEMPRONIA lik'd her man, and well ſhe might;
The youth in perſon and in parts was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of every virtue, grace and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart.
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own:
Their bliſs the theme, and envy of the town.
The day was fix'd; when with an acre more
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd threeſcore.
The fatal ſequel I thro' ſhame forbear.
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair?
Man's rich with little, were his judgment true:
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd bring ſincere delights,
But fools create themſelves new appetites.
Fancy and pride ſeek things at vaſt expence,
Which reliſh nor to reaſon nor to ſenſe.
When ſurfeit or unthankfulneſs deſtroys,
In nature's narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures grow,
Like cats in air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.
LEMIRA's ſick, make haſte, the doctor call:
He comes: But where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor ſtares, her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My lady, ſir, is always ſo.
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
"True, ſhe can't ſtand, but ſhe can dance all night.
"I've known my lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
"For fevers take an opera in JUNE.
"And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight park is ſov'reign for a cold.
"With cholics, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
"With indigeſtions, ſupper juſt at three."

A ſtrange alternative, replies ſir H——s,
Muſt women have a doctor or a dance?
Tho' ſick to death abroad they ſafely roam,
But droop and die in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill,
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.
Alas! my heart, how languiſhingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell CIBBER waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has *VENY chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
"Late ſitting up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? "Becauſe 'twas night."
Did ſhe then dance or play? "Nor this nor that."
Well, night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
"No, all alone, her pray'ers ſhe rather choſe,
"Than be that wretch to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then lady CYNTHIA, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes, with the faſhionable owls, to bed.
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body's wiſe.
Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty five.
You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again.
Like a dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in her arms.
But one admirer has the painted laſs,
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glaſs.
Yet LAURA's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her art ſcarce makes her pleaſe the leſs.

* *A lap-dog.*

To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the lilly and the roſe.
How gay they ſmile? ſuch bleſſings nature pours,
O'er-ſtock'd mankind enjoy but half their ſtores:
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flow'rs, and ſpreads her velvet green.
Pure purling rills the lonely deſert trace,
And waſte their muſick on the ſavage race.
Is nature then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we guiltleſs in a world like this?
But our lew'd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted arts deprav'd allurements chuſe.
Such FULVIA's paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks and nightingales are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds delight;
And to be preſs'd to death tranſports her quite.
Where ſilver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their ſweets, and limes their ſhades
Black kennels abſent odours ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.
Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private ſcene?
Retir'd we tread a ſmooth and open way;
Thro' briars and brambles in the world we ſtray,
Stiff oppoſition and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and ſtinging hate,
Which choak our paſſage, our career controul,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.
O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are innocence and peace.

There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the next;
There too the muſes ſport; theſe numbers free,
PIERIAN EASTBURY! I owe to thee,
  There ſport the muſes; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force AMELIA feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, AMELIA weds a wit.
Both wits! tho' miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On DURFEY's poeſy and BUNYAN's proſe.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
  PHOEBE, tho' ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs.
Laboriouſly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
"Well, ſure, we were ſo happy yeſterday!
"And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Tho' well ſhe knows 'twill languiſh into ſorrow.
But ſhe dares never boaſt the preſent hour;
So groſs the cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For ſuch is or our weakneſs or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe,
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is our own.
  Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like quick-ſilver, is bright and coy;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains,
What is it but rank poiſon in your veins?

As FLUVIA in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
Pride whiſpers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
There's no ſatiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears.
She, fond and young, laſt week her wiſh enjoy'd,
In ſoft amuſement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when STREPHON waking found
(Surpriſing ſight!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd.
" What miracle (ſays STREPHON) makes thee weep?
" Ah, barbarous man! (ſhe cries) how could you—
ſleep?"
Men love a miſtreſs, as they love a feaſt;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taſte?
Yet ſure there is a certain time of day,
We wiſh our miſtreſs and our meat away:
But ſoon the ſated appetites return,
Again our ſtomachs crave, our boſoms burn.
Eternal love let man, then, never ſwear;
Let women never triumph nor deſpair;
Nor praiſe, nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is indeed a paſſion more refin'd,
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe charms are of the mind.
But not of that unfaſhionable ſet
Is PHILLIS: PHILLIS and her DAMON met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taſte;
PHILLIS demands eternal love at leaſt.
Embracing PHILLIS with ſoft-ſmiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the ſwain replies:
But ſay, my all, my miſtreſs, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity ſhall end?
Some nymphs prefer aſtronomy to love;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair philoſopher to ROWLEY flyes,
Where in a box the whole creation lyes.

She ſees the planets in their turns advance;
And ſcorns, POITIER, thy ſublunary dance.
Of DESAGULIER ſhe beſpeaks freſh air,
And WHISTON has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments SOPHRONIA tries?
'Tis not in air pumps the gay colonel dies.
But tho' to-day this rage of ſcience reigns,
(O fickle ſex?) ſoon end her learned pains.
Lo! PUG from JUPITER her heart has got,
Turns out the ſtars, and NEWTON is a ſot.
To —— turn, ſhe never took the height
Of SATURN, yet is ever in the right.
She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to ſight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquiſh'd, and the wiſe are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
When ſerious, eaſy, and when gay, diſcreet;
In glittering ſcenes, o'er her own heart, ſevere;
In crowds collected, and in courts ſincere;
Sincere and warm, with zeal well underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not ſuperior to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
Of ſilks and CHINA ſhe's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe leads the commonweal;
And if diſputes of empire riſe between
MECKLIN the queen of lace, and COLBERTEEN,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended fate
Aſſumes her nod to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their dreſs?
But oh! the nymph that mounts above the ſkies,
And, gratis, clears religious myſteries!
Reſolv'd the church's welfare to enſure,
And make her family a fine-cure.

The theme divine at cards ſhe'll not forget,
But takes in texts of ſcripture at PIQUET;
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her maker that her cards are good.
What angels would theſe be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they ſew as well!
Yet why ſhould not the fair her text purſue?
Can ſhe more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard too, ſhe who makes no uſe but chat
Of her religion, ſhould be barr'd in that.
ISAAC, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
When he has knock'd at his own ſkull in vain,
To beauteous MARCIA often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious ſoul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an induſtrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a flow'r!
The young and gay declining, ABRA flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wiſe:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiouſly prefers the world to love.
Can wealth give happineſs? look round, and ſee
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
Whatever fortune laviſhly can pour
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it ſays,
Like any lord it promiſes——and pays.
How will the miſer ſtartle to be told
Of ſuch a wonder as inſolvent gold?
What nature wants has an intrinſick weight,
All more is but the faſhion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view,
It charms us now, anon we caſt anew,

To ſome freſh birth of fancy more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Miſtaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair:
The fair, 'tis true, by genius ſhould be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the ſun;
And yet in female ſcales a fop out-weighs,
And wit muſt wear the willow with the bays.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain LIBERIA'S eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid:
For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (tho' treated long amiſs)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you reſent, and wiſh a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
The languid lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo ſevere a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, journeys round the room:
But knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the ALPS——that is, aſcend the ſtairs.
My fan, ! let others ſay who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarff! is her LACONIC ſtile.
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That BETTY rather ſees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! O help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.

If there a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather ſtarve;
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf, ah cruel fate!
That ROSALINDA can't by proxy eat.
An antidote in female caprice lyes
(Kind heaven!) againſt the poiſon of their eyes.
THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien,
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair and open dealing where's the ſhame?
What nature dares to give, ſhe dares to name.
This honeſt fellow is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to ſwear.
By JOVE, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain,
She on the chriſtian ſyſtem is profane.
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dreſs, ſhe's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When JOVE deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A lady! pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of men.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence,
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With INDIAN painters modern toaſts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:

They throw their perſons with a hoydon air
Acroſs the room, and toſs into the chair.
So fair their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents paid,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady D——ſelf will be polite.

Ye riſing fair! Ye bloom of BRITIAN's iſle!
When high-born ANNA, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration! give me ſomething more,
Cries LYCE, on the borders of threeſcore.
Nought treads ſo ſilent as the foot of time,
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we're told,
The melancholly news that we grow old.
Autumnal LYCE caries in her face
MEMENTO MORI to each publick place.
O how your beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
Who looks thro' ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his ſpade the ſexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own but others doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd ſprites away,
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow-ſilks her mellow charms unfold,
And nought of LYCE but herſelf is old.

Her grizzled locks aſſume a ſmirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep furrowed face.
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can aprove,
We'll aſk her bleſſing, but can't aſk her love.
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herſelf) at ninety nine.
O how unlike her was the ſacred age
Of prudent PORTIA? her grey hairs engage,
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline;
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles ſhine.
That, and that only can old age ſuſtain,
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for pain.
Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly ſome are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace; by nature ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of fortune ſweep away;
'Till naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and ſhelter in a ſhroud.
Where's PORTIA now?—But PORTIA left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and paſſion toſs it to and fro,
A while torment, and then quite ſink in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt examples lyes, my precepts truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills, the boldeſt are afraid:
Where then is ſafety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And man, whom ſhe leaſt fears, her worſt of foes!

When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate,
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills themſelves create.
If on your fame our ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick thro' malice of your own.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief glory lyes,
And yet from pleaſing your chief dangers riſe;
Then pleaſe the beſt; and know, for men of ſenſe,
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace.
In ſimple manners all the ſecret lyes,
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain ſhew and noiſe intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddineſs, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praiſe,
Which all thoſe wretches I deſcribe betrays.
Your ſex's glory 'tis to ſhine unknown;
Of all applauſe be fondeſt of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind! that thirſt
With which this age is eminently curſt.
To drink of pleaſure but inflames deſire,
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire,
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promiſe bliſs to come.

SATYR VI.

On WOMEN.

Inſcribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Lady *ELISABETH GERMAIN.*

Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem. HOR.

I Sought a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
APOLLO whiſper'd in my ear—"GERMAIN---
I know her not---" Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
" Who knows his patron now? reply'd the God.
" Men write to me, and to the world, unknown;
" Then ſteal great names, to ſhield them from the town.
" Detected worth, like beauty diſarray'd,
" To covert flies, of praiſe itſelf afraid:
" Should ſhe refuſe to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume in her praiſe.
" Nor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
" When ſuch the theme, 'will eaſily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength;
You, here, in miniature your pictures ſee;
Nor hope from ZINCKS more juſtice than from me.
My portraits grace your mind, as his your ſide;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride:
He's dear, you frugal; chuſe my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.

LAVINIA is polite, but not profane;
To church as conſtant as to DRURY-LANE.
She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil viſit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which paſſes for a pray'r:
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies, then, with grace ſucceed,
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or if ſhe joins the ſervice, 'tis to ſpeak;
Thro' dreadful ſilence the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himſelf, and fondly think they pray.
But ſweet their accent, and their air refin'd;
For they're before their maker—and mankind:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred,
DRUSA receives her viſitants in bed;
But chaſte as ice, this VESTA, to defy
The very blackeſt tongue of calumny,
When from her ſheets her lovely form he lifts,
She begs you juſt would turn you while ſhe ſhifts.

Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight,
That makes a banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman where there's no reſerve,
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers ſtarve.

But, with the modern fair, meridian merit,
Is a fierce thing they call A NYMPH OF SPIRIT.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a lion by the beard,*
" Or dare defy the fell HYRCANIAN pard,
" Or arm'd RHINOCEROS, or rough RUSSIAN bear,"
Firſt make your will, and then converſe with her.

* *Shakeſpear.*

This Lady glories in profuſe expence,
And thinks diſtraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant is ſome delight,
To be more fatal ſtill, is exquiſite.
Had ever nymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers, one run mad.
Her foes their honeſt execrations pour;
Her lovers only ſhould deteſt her more.
Thrice happy they who think I boldly feign,
And ſtartle at a miſtreſs of my brain,
FLAVIA is conſtant to her old gallant,
And gen'rouſly ſupports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a ſnare,
A hell no lady ſo polite can bear.
She's faithful, ſhe's obſervant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of baſtards ſhe maintains.
Nor leaſt advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed.
AMASIA hates a prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
Whate'er ſhe is, ſhe'll not appear a ſaint:
Her ſoul ſuperior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is ſo free,
Some might ſuſpect the nymph not over good—
Nor wou'd they be miſtaken if they ſhou'd.
Unmarried ABRA puts on formal airs;
Her cuſhion's thread-bare with her conſtant pray'rs.
Her only grief is, that ſhe cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.
And this, to do her juſtice, muſt be ſaid,
"Who wou'd not think that ABRA was a maid?"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no diſeaſe reduce her pride before,
LAVINIA will be raviſh'd at threeſcore.
Then ſhe ſubmits to venture in the dark,
And nothing now is wanting—but her ſpark.

LUCIA thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an idiot, but ſhe eats in plate.
The goods of fortune, which her ſoul poſſeſs,
Are but the ground of unmade happineſs;
The rude material; wiſdom add to this,
Wiſdom the ſole artificer of bliſs.
She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the ſubtle thread;
But (no detraction to her ſacred ſkill)
If ſhe can work in gold 'tis better ſtill.
If TULLIA had been bleſs'd with half her ſenſe,
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.
But ſince ſhe can make error ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'errun;
And by too great accompliſhments undone:
With ſkill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt divinely in the wrong.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modeſty:
Let man diſcover, let not her diſplay,
But yield her charms of mind with ſweet delay.
For pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
To make themſelves important men muſt grieve.
LESBIA the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the fop ſhe laughs at is ador'd.
In vain ſhe's proud of ſecret innocence;
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
MIRA, endow'd with every charm to bleſs,
Has no deſign but on her huſband's peace:
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"How charming this?"--The pleaſure laſted long;
Now every day the fits came thick and ſtrong:
At laſt he found the charmer only feign'd,
And was diverted when he ſhould be pain'd.

What greater vengeance have the gods in ſtore?
How tedious life now ſhe can plague no more?
She tries a thouſand arts, but none ſucceed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:
Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,
Her huſband's pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious MELANIA riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majeſty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulouſly ſhrill.
"You went laſt night with CELIA to the ball."
You prove it falſe. "Not go? That's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant contradictions are the ſame.
Her lover muſt be ſad to pleaſe her ſpleen,
His mirth is an inexpiable ſin:
For of all rivals that can pain her breaſt,
There's one that wounds far deeper than the reſt;
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himſelf.

And this, becauſe ſhe's exquiſitely fair,
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe'd ſtare?
How would MELANIA be ſurpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? and yet the caſe is clear.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, becauſe the ſoul is ſeen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none reſiſt, tho' not exceeding fair.

ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read;

Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be teaz'd by her own excellence,
" Folks are ſo aukard! things ſo unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's ſhock'd where'er ſhe goes;
Each creatures imperfections are her woes.
Heav'n by its favours has the fair diſtreſt,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings--that ſhe can't be bleſt.
Ah! why ſo vain, tho' blooming in thy ſpring,
Thou ſhining, frail, ador'd and wretched thing!
Old age will come, diſeaſe may come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as threeſcore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may ſoon decay:
But grant theſe fugitives may longer ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes,
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
Then wrought into the ſoul let virtues ſhine,
The ground eternal, as the work divine.
JULIA's a manager, ſhe's born for rule,
And knows her wiſer huſband is a fool;
Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the ſubtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey.
But if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs;
For her own breakfaſt ſhe'll project a ſcheme,
Nor takes her tea without a ſtratagem;
Preſides o'er trifles with a ſerious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.
Ladies ſupreme among amuſements reign,
By nature born to ſooth and entertain;
Their prudence in a ſhare of folly lies;
Why will they be ſo weak as to be wiſe?
SYRENA is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance ſhe commands or blames.

Conſcious of her diſcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her judgment juſt, her ſentence is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe's right, ſhe's ever in the wrong.
BRUNETTA's wiſe in actions great, and rare;
But ſcorns on trifles to beſtow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour BRUNETTA is to blame,
Becauſe the occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, tho' it ſmall appear,
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.
Go breakfaſt with ALICEA, there you'll ſee
SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS to the laſt degree.
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs is aſide.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace:
Unwaſh'd her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut and head uncomb'd ſhe loves
And would draw on jack-boots as ſoon as gloves.
Gloves by queen BESS's maidens might be miſt,
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female fiſt.
Lovers beware! to wound how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For H—Y the firſt wit ſhe cannot be,
Nor cruel R—D the firſt toaſt for thee;
Since full each other ſtation of renown,
Who would not be the greateſt trapes in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female ſloven is an odious ſight.
Fair ISABELLA is ſo fond of fame,
That her dear ſelf is her eternal theme;
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft ſhe'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a bleſſing than a ſnare.

Diſtruſt mankind; with your own heart conſer,
And dread even there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raiſes our renown;
Our own as ſurely blows the pageant down:
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a brankrupt in your fame.
But own I muſt, in this preverted age,
Who moſt deſerve, can't always moſt engage.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it ſhould procure.
Whom praiſe we moſt? the virtuous, brave and wiſe!
No; wretches whom in ſecret we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rival's rais'd by ſuch diſcreet applauſe;
And yet of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound true worth the more.
Ladies there are who think one crime is all;
Can women, then, no way but backward fall?
So ſweet is that one crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs they think all others few.
Who hold that crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of injur'd modeſty the ſacred name.
But CLIO thus. "What, railing without end?
"Mean taſk! how much more gen'rous to commend?
Yes, to commend as you are won't to do,
My kind inſtructor, and example too.
"DAPHNIS (ſays CLIO) has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry?
"ASPASIA's ſhape indeed—but then her air—
"The man has parrs who finds deſtruction there.
"ALMERIAS wit has ſomething that's divine;
"And wits enough—how few in all things ſhine?
"SELINA ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it ſaid SELINA's near threeſcore?
"At LUCIA's match I from my ſoul rejoice,
"The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;

" His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
" But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
" In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear,
" But then—ſhe has a freckle on her ear."
Without a but HORTENSIA ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue bright;
But how comes this to paſs?—ſhe died laſt night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatyr rail:
Indeed that's needleſs if ſuch praiſe prevail;
And whence ſuch praiſe? Our virulence is thrown
On others fame, thro' fondneſs for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, CLEORA frowns;
For are not coronets a-kin to crowns?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
The height of avarice and pride confeſs,
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontrol'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of fivepence as the verieſt cit,
And quite as much deteſted as a wit.

Can gold calm paſſion, or make reaſon ſhine?
Can we dig peace or wiſdom from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
To make our fortune, than our happineſs.
That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themſelves unbleſt: the poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of ſtate;
The happy only are the truly great.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could both our INDIES buy but one new ſenſe,
Our envy wou'd be due to large expence,

Since not, thoſe pomps, which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery?
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taſte,
It ſtrikes our ſenſe, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive, by dint of thought alone,
The rich muſt labour to poſſeſs their own,
To feel their great abundance, and requeſt
Their humble friends to help them to be bleſt;
To ſee their treaſures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.
But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to ſhine,
All hoarded treaſures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own till well beſtow'd.
Grand reſervoirs of publick happineſs,
Thro' ſecrets ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And, while their bounties glide concealed from view,
Relieve our wants and ſpare our bluſhes too.
But ſatyr is my taſk, and theſe deſtroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me ye miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy GERMAIN:
But our invectives muſt deſpair ſucceſs,
For, next to praiſe, ſhe values nothing leſs.
What picture's yonder looſen'd from its frame?
Or is't ASTURIA, that affected dame?
The brighteſt forms, thro' affectation, fade
To ſtrange new things which nature never made.
Frown not, yè fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe arts that take you from our eyes:
In ALBUCINDA's native grace is ſeen
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you muſt pleaſe.

Here might I ſing of MEMMIA's mincing mein,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine:
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the BOHEA, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger and a thumb conſpire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream?
As LETHE dreadful to the love of fame.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen?
What ſhades of mighty names which once have been?
A hecatomb of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taſte:
Scandal's the ſweetner of a female feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting NAIADES call for wine;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve under thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
CITRONIA's noſe declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give CITRONIA's noſe the lie?*
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd;
At length, to reſcue man, the generous laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the BRITISH queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.
Nor to the glaſs alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O JUVENAL! for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.
Are there among the females of our iſle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to ſmile?

* *Virgil.*

There are. Vice, once by modeſt nature chain'd.
And legal ties, expatiates unreſtrain'd,
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er law and goſpel too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain for none but for their wives;
Who marry to be free to range the more.
And wed one man to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look moſt meek?
What thunders burſting from a dimpled cheek?
Their paſſions bear it with a lofty hand?
But then their reaſon is at due command.
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret——but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And aſk, what kindred is a ſpouſe to them?
What ſwarms of am'rous grandmothers I ſee?
And miſſes ancient in iniquity?
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming?
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming?
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, ſuch profuſe expence,
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times,
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapply'd applauſe,
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws,
Such diſſolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since SUNDAYS have no balls, the well-dreſs'd belle
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of hell;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſtens leſs to C——NS than ſaint PAUL.
Atheiſts have been but rare ſince nature's birth;
'Till now ſhe-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.

Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character in timorous things?
Who ſtart at feathers, from an inſect fly,
A match for nothing——but the deity.
But, not to wrong the fair, the muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of prude?
And die with ſhame at thought of being good?
For what will ARTIMIS, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, ſay?
They heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave,
Thro' cowardice moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my muſe, in honeſt fury riſe;
They dread a ſatyr who defy the ſkies.
Atheiſts are few; moſt nymphs a godhead own,
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
From atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is almighty——to forgive.
His other excellence they'll not diſpute,
But mercy, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A lady's ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great author us poor worms deſtroy,
For now and then a ſip of tranſient joy?
No, he's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He's like themſelves; or how cou'd he be good?
And they blaſpheme who blacker ſchemes ſuppoſe——
Devoutly, thus, JEHOVAH they depoſe
The pure! the juſt! and ſet up in his ſtead
A deity that's perfectly well-bred.

" Dear T——L——N! be ſure the beſt of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.
" Tho' once upon a time he miſbehav'd,
" Poor ſatan! doubtleſs he'll at length be ſav'd.
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their one in ten;
" It is their trade; ſo far they're honeſt men.
" Let them cant on, ſince they have got the knack,
" And dreſs their notions, like themſelves, in black;
" Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
" Virtue's a pretty thing to make a ſhow:
" Did ever mortal write like ROCHEFOUCAULT?
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And, pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face?
Virtue made viſible in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more ſhe charms, the more ſhe ſhocks mankind.
But charms decline; the fair long vigils keep:
They ſleep no more! *QUADRILLE has murder'd ſleep.
" Poor K——P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there
" Theſe two nights; the poor creature will deſpair.
" I hate a crowd——but to do good you know——
" And people of condition ſhou'd beſtow.
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K——P's grave matrons run,
Now ſet a daughter, and now ſtake a ſon;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race——thro' charity.
Immortal were we, or elſe mortal quite,
I leſs ſhou'd blame this criminal delight;
But, ſince the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room
Is but an upper ſtory to ſome tomb,

* *Shakeſpear.*

Methinks we need not our ſhort beings ſhun,
And, thought to flee, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.
The love of gaming is the worſt of ills;
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the tyes of blood,
Deſtroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And, what is ſtill more dreadful——ſpoils your face.
See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The ſcandal and the ruin of our iſle!
And ſee, (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand,
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board ſhe knocks,
And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation ſhook,
From ÆOLUS's cave impetuous broke,
From this ſmall cavern a mixt tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies?
For men, I mean——the fair diſcharges none;
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwears to heav'n alone.
See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles ſwell!
Like the mad maid in the CUMÆAN cell.
Thus that divine one her ſoft nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The die ſpins lovely, or the cards go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her ſtill,
Her happy lord is cuckold by SPADIL:
And if ſhe's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one
He marks the forehead of her darling ſon.
O ſcene of horror, and of wild deſpair!
Why is the rich ATRIDES' ſplendid heir

Conſtrain'd to quit his ancient lordly ſeat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn ſword? and whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale deſtraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay ſon to diſtant region ſent?
What fiends that daughter's deſtin'd match prevent?
Why the whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but laſt night—my lady play'd.
But wanders not my ſatyr from her theme?
Is this too owing to the love of fame?
Tho', now, your hearts on lucre are beſtow'd;
'Twas firſt a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor ceaſe we here, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong;
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along.
This may be ſaid in honour of our times,
That none now ſtand diſtinguiſh'd by their crimes.
If ſin you muſt, take nature for your guide,
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe to ſooth your pride;
Ye fair apoſtates from love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing raviſh but a golden ſhow'r?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize?
Muſt CUPID learn to punt ere he can pleaſe?
When you're enamour'd of a lift or caſt,
What can the preacher more to make us chaſte?
Can fame, like a repique, the ſoul entrance?
And what is virtue to the lucky chance?
Why muſt ſtrong youths unmarry'd pine away,
They find no woman diſengag'd——from play.
Why pine the marry'd?——O ſeverer fate!
They find from play no diſengag'd——eſtate.
FLAVIA, at lovers falſe untouch'd and hard,
Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor ARRIA's bible can ſecure her age;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page.

While death ſtands by, but till the game is done,
To ſweep that ſtake in juſtice long his own;
Like old cards ting'd with ſurphur ſhe takes fire;
Or, like ſnuff ſunk in ſockets, blazes higher.
Ye Gods! with new delights inſpire the fair;
Or give us ſons, and ſave us from deſpair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, huſbands, tradeſmen cloſe
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in proſe:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In ſpite of all our wiſdom, you'll proceed.
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd.
When you chaſtiſe, who would not kiſs the rod?
But I've a charm your anger ſhall control,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the vole.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That burſts o'er gloomy BRITAIN, turn your ſight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your ſouls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law.
'Midſt empire's charms, how CAROLINA's heart
Glows with the love of virtue and of art?
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Exceſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were ſhewn, or gen'rous thoughts,
She ſmil'd, induſtrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd luſtre drew.
* Thus the majeſtic mother of mankind,
To her own charms moſt amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently ſtood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the cryſtal flood;
Survey'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
And, ſmiling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.
† In more than civil war, while patriots ſtorm;
While genius is but cold, their paſſion warm;

* *Milton.* † *Lucan*

While public good aloft in pomp they wield,
And private intereſt ſkulks behind the ſhield;
While M——T and W——NS riſe in weekly might,
Make preſſes groan, lead ſenators to fight,
Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
The pamper'd mob with miniſters of ſtate.
" § While ATE hot from hell makes heroes ſhrink,
" Cries havock, and lets looſe the dogs of ink;
Nor rank nor ſex eſcapes the general frown,
But ladies are ripp'd up, and cits knock'd down.
Tremendous farce! where even the victor bleeds,
And he deſerves our pity that ſucceeds;
Immortal JUVENAL! and thou of FRANCE!
In your fam'd fields my ſatyr dares advance;
But cuts herſelf a track to you unknown,
Nor crops your laurel, but would raiſe her own;
A bold adventure! but a ſafe one too!
For, tho' ſurpaſs'd, ſhe is ſurpaſs'd by you.

SATYR. VII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE.*

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipſe, canemus.
VIRG.

ON this laſt labour, this me cloſing ſtrain,
Smile, WALPOLE, or the nine inſpire in vain.
To thee 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where BSUNSWICK's glory crowns the whole deſign?
That glory which thy counſels make ſo bright;
That glory which on thee reflects a light.

§ *Shakeſpear.*

Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give and take a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the ſtream.
How all mankind will be ſurpris'd to ſee
This flood of BRITISH folly charg'd on thee!
Yet, BRITAIN, whence this caprice of thy ſons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs!
The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of ſucceſs,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.
While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her publick wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recals my theme again,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murd'ring ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
The follies paſt are of a private kind,
Their ſphere is ſmall, their miſchief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake my muſe,
And raiſe thy verſe) who bolder frenzy chuſe;
Who, ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The world their field, and human kind their prey.
The GRECIAN chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his pride,
With rage and terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a god!
Stand faſt OLYMPUS! and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd hoſts! what cities in a blaze!
What waſted countries! and what crimſon ſeas!

With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſt'rous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays!
Why want we then encomiums on the ſtorm,
Or famine, or vulcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſerts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and peſtilence to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's builder and preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thouſands takes a ſpecious name.
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When, after battle, I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with gaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A nation cruſh'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This human chaos, carry ſmiles away!
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, fame and triumph, made!
How guilty theſe? Yet not leſs guilty they,
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way;
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle nature, and ſubſiſt on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify thy heart;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard:
Who do for gold what chriſtians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace:"

Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
" The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and ſuch again may be,
WALPOLE, when men forget to copy thee.
Here ceaſe my muſe! the catalogue is wit,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
Tho' diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim.
Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
May furniſh laughter for another year.
Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd
The juſtice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
Some future ſtrain, in which the muſe ſhall tell
How ſcience dwindles, and how volumes ſwell.
How commentators each dark paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing-candle to the ſun.
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And every vice is to the ſcripture laid.
How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer,
His ſins to LUCIFER not half ſo dear.
How VERRES is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, that with wax and ſeal.
How lawyer's fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport,
And even denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are miſtakes.
This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer-flies, ſhake off again,
Let other's ſing; to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey:

That duty done, I haſten to compleat
My own deſign; for TONSON's at gate.
The love of fame, in it's effects ſurvey'd,
The muſe has ſung; be now the cauſe diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide it's ſway,
What is this power whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raiſe, to deify mankind,
Still burning brighteſt in the nobleſt mind.
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt of fame renown'd,
Wiſe laws were fram'd, and ſacreds arts were found;
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the patriot's reſt,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breaſt;
It bids ARGYLL in fields and ſenates ſhine.
What more can prove its origin divine?
But oh! this paſſion, planted in the ſoul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming miniſter of virtue meant,
Set up falſe gods, and wrong'd her high deſcent.
Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate ſource;
Hence GILDON rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcaſſes of wit;
And in art-loving SCARBOROUGH is ſeen
How kind a patron POLLIO might have been.
Purſuit of fame with pedants fills our ſchools,
And into coxcombs burniſhes our fools;
Purſuit of fame makes ſolid learning bright,
And NEWTON lifts above a mortal height.
That key of nature, by whoſe wit ſhe clears
Her long, long ſecrets of five thouſand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, pride ſways the ſoul?
(For tho' in all not equally ſhe reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my ſtrains.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dulleſt proſe;
As if a letter'd dunce had ſaid, "'Tis right,"
And IMPRIMATUR uſher'd it to light.
To glorious deeds this paſſion fires the mind,
And cloſer draws the ties of human kind;
Confirms ſociety; ſince what we prize,
As our chief bleſſing, muſt from others riſe.
Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
With ſiſter-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and ſhame, by her laſt conduct, fled.
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her love of fame obey'd.
In meaner minds ambition works alone;
But with ſuch art puts virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mein,
* The God and mortal in the comic ſcene.
Falſe JULIUS, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the ROMAN liberties his prize.
No maſk in baſeſt minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears;
All I have ſung are inſtances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye vain! deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the falſe ſublime of life.
The true ambition there alone reſides,
Where juſtice vindicates, and wiſdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward ſtate,
Our purpoſe good, as our atchievement great;
Where publick bleſſings publick praiſe attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end.
Would'ſt thou be fam'd? have thoſe high deeds in view
Brave men would act, tho' ſcandal ſhould enſue.

* *Amophitryn.*

Behold a prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires;
Proud conqueſt then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs ſparkle in his ſight;
Tumult and noiſe are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A ſudden foe to ſplendor and applauſe;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
O bleſt ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd ALPINE hill which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters ly,
Here burſt the RHONE and founding PO, there ſhine,
In infant rills, the DANUBE and the RHINE;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.

In BRUNSWICK ſuch a ſource the muſe adores,
Which publick bleſſings thro' half EUROPE pours.
When his heart burns with ſuch a godlike aim,
Angels and GEORGE are rivals for the fame;
GEORGE, who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd ſatyr into praiſe.

* Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves.
Ev'n ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.
Thus nature's ſelf, ſupporting man's decree,
Stile BRITAIN's ſovereign, ſovereign of the ſea.

While ſea and air, great BRUNSWICK, ſhook our ſtate,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,

* The King in danger by ſea.

Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd with fear,
Of ever loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did BRITANNIA, like † ACHILLES, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the kindred deep?
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm?
What felt thy WALPOLE, pilot of the realm?
Our PALINURUS ‡ ſlept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long ſince inur'd to wake,
And outwatch every ſtar for BRUNSWICK's ſake.
By thwarting paſſions toſs'd, by cares oppreſt,
He found the tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt.
But now what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No pow'rs of language——but his own, can tell;
His own, which nature and the graces form,
At will to raiſe or huſh the civil ſtorm.

† Hom. Il. Lib. I.
‡ *Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem*, &c.
VIRG. Lib. V.

FINIS.

A

POEM

ON THE

LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY

EDWARD YOUNG.
FELLOW OF ALL-SOULS COLLEGE, OXON.

Venit Summa Dies—— VIRG.

LONDON,
Printed for J. JAMES in New-Bond-Street. 1762.

TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

MY only title to the great honour I now do myſelf, is the obligation I have formerly received from your royal indulgence; which I remember with the utmoſt gratitude. I was indeed uneaſy, 'till I had bethought myſelf of ſome means of relieving my heart, by expreſſing its acknowledgment. My inclination carried me to poetry; your virtues determined me to ſacred poetry above all other; and in that kind there is no ſubject more exalted and affecting, than this which I have choſen. Its very firſt mention ſnatches away the ſoul to the borders of eternity, ſurrounds it with wonders, opens to it on every hand the moſt ſurpriſing ſcenes of awe and aſtoniſhment, and terminates its view with nothing leſs than the fulneſs of glory, and the throne of God.

BUT this may ſeem a very improper ſeaſon for any thing of ſo grave and ſolemn a nature to preſent itſelf before you, and mingle with the gaiety and ſplendor of univerſal joy and

thankſgiving: yet if we conſider that the thoughts which you will meet in the following pages, are ſuch as are ever uppermoſt in your own heart; and that in all probability, thoſe great bleſſings, which your people now enjoy, are the reward of that religious bent of mind, and virtuous diſpoſition in their prince; I hope that may ſeem leſs foreign and unſeaſonable, which is the root of the felicity now flouriſhing among us, and ſhedding its ripened fruits upon our land.

THEY are ſtrangers to your Majeſty, who think, when they write to the Britiſh throne, that victories and triumphs muſt be their conſtant theme; they know not there is ſomething you hold much dearer than either your fortune or your glory. They have not attended to your unbounded charities; they have not heard of your royal care and generoſity to thoſe who ſerve at the holy altar; they never ſufficiently admired your reſolution of building magnificently to the Lord, and ſetting wide the gates of ſalvation: in a word, they are ſtill to be informed, that prudent councils and ſucceſsful arms, well-ordered ſtates, and humbled foes, are only the ſecond glories of your moſt illuſtrious reign.

IT is, Madam, a proſpect truly great, to behold you ſeated on your throne, ſurrounded with your faithful counſellors, and mighty men of war, iſſuing forth commands to your own people, or giving audience to the great princes and powerful rulers of the earth. But why ſhould we confine your glory here? I am pleaſed to ſee you riſe from this lower world,

ſoaring above the clouds, paſſing the firſt and ſecond heavens, leaving the fixed ſtars behind you; nor will I loſe you there, but keep you ſtill in view through the boundleſs ſpaces on the other ſide of creation, in your journey towards eternal bliſs, until I behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving, and conveying you ſtill onward from the ſtretch of my imagination, which tires in her purſuit, and falls back again to the earth.

WHAT a panegyric is it on human nature to conſider, that it ſhall come to paſs in ſome future time, through which the thread of your exiſtence ſhall run, that you yourſelf may forget this glorious year, or make its remembrance only ſerve by compariſon to recommend ſuperior honours, and more ſplendid renown? Let us tremble at the power of God, and adore the profuſion of his goodneſs on us his creatures? We behold thee, O Queen! greater in peace than war, great in thy alliance, great in thyſelf; we ſee thee bleſſing thy people, and compoſing the ſtrifes of Europe; we ſurvey thee in this full light, this blaze of ſublunary greatneſs, and own thy glory is not yet begun.

Such thoughts might appear too warm and affected on another occaſion; but they are ſo natural to him who preſents ſuch a theme to ſuch a Queen, that they are not without violence to be ſuppreſſed. When at your royal leiſure you turn over the following ſheets, if you find any thing that encourages virtue, or diſheartens vice, let it intercede for pardon of my many defects and errors.

The Dedication.

THAT your reign may be as pious as it is glorious, and give poſterity as many inſtances of exemplary virtue and religion as it will of eminent talents, and extraordinary capacities; that it may not only ſhine in hiſtory, and be great in the annals of the earth, but alſo be ſet down in the obſervation of angels, and with diſtinguiſhed characters be written in the book of life, to give joy at the Great Day; is the conſtant prayer of him who is, as moſt particularly obliged to be,

Your Majeſty's moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Subject,

Edward Young.

VERSES.

TO THE

AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheiſt tremble; thou alone
Canſt bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own,
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heard'ſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never muſt return!
Yet more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap a flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when ev'ry bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.
When guilty ſodom felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain,
The patriarch thus the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horror view'd the deſart waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.
But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all eternity to view?
But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heav'n's holy dictates in exalted verſe:

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the ſoul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human kind;
By ſtricter rules well-govern'd life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Col.
Oxon. T. WHARTON.

To Dr. YOUNG.

ON HIS

Laſt Day and Univerſal Paſſion.

AND muſt it be as thou haſt ſung,
Celeſtial bard, ſeraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this ſpacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, muſt they decay?
On nature's ſelf deſtruction prey?
Then fame, the moſt immortal thing
Ev'n thou can'ſt hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's ſyſtem be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall ſouls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or ſhall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and thy corrective page,

To Dr YOUNG.

When vice and virtue loſe their name
In deathleſs joy, or endleſs ſhame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius ſhall be ſeen?
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or thee?
Thro' life, we chaſe, with fond purſuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And ſure thy plan was well deſign'd,
To cure this madneſs of the mind:
Firſt, beyond time our thoughts to raiſe;
Then laſh our love of tranſient praiſe.
In both, we own thy doctrine juſt;
And fame's a breath, and men are duſt.

1736.

J. BANCKS.

TO

A LADY

WITH

THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The proſpects of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muſe,
With gen'rous zeal a nobler fame purſues:
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpires,
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires;
Tranſports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the ſtrait limits of mortality,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearleſs ſoar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before;
Where various ſcenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.
Thus did the muſes ſing in early times,
Ere ſkill'd to flatter vice, and varniſh crimes:
Their lyres were turn'd to virtuous ſongs alone,
And the chaſte Poet, and the Prieſt, were one.
But now forgetful of their Infant ſtate,
They ſooth the wanton pleaſures of the great;

And from the preſs, and the licentious ſtage,
With luſcious poiſon taint the thoughtleſs age;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lies.
So the rich ſoil of India's blooming ſhores,
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choiceſt ſtores,
Where ſerpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from ſight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

Theſe purer thoughts from groſs allays refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-liv'd joy,
Whoſe falſe allurements, while they pleaſe, deſtroy:
But bliſs reſembling that of ſaints above,
Sprung from the viſion of th' Almighty's love:
Firm, ſolid bliſs, for-ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your ſparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By theſe ſecured, you will with pleaſure read,
" Of future judgment, and the riſing dead:
" Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown
" And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan.
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form reſtore:
Then ſhall you ſhine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Col.
Oxon. T TRISTRAM.

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

Ipſe pater media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes, humilis ſtravit pavor.—— VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of ſtate;
With Britain's hero *ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's ancient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.

* The Duke of Marlborough,

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown!
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye Angels, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear and aſſiſt a feeble mortal's lays,
'Tis your Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.
But chiefly thou, Great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne arch-angels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night
Sprang Beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me: all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpell;
To my great ſubject thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my labouring ſoul with equal fire
Man bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.
Here, foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful price;
Here, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide:
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſkip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe,

How far from eaſt to weſt? the lab'ring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre; where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how theſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year controul:
They ſhine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period riſe, and that decay:
So vaſt, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace
With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So bright, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd
'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how ſacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
The track forgot where conſtellations ſhone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all nature be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner or latter, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth.
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other Annes;
While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who now life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd or an extinguiſh'd ſun.
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations, hear and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;

Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'er-ſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heav'n inceſſant thunders roll
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.
When lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call,
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound,
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the ſky,
Tho' God's whole enginry diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good; thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combate, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would this great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,

The trumpet ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſions would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threat'ning lance in vain;
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight
And danger ſerve but to ſupply delight.

Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flow the terrors of that day I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.

The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe,
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.

Say then, my muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the bleſsful earth who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate?
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some thro' vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watry worlds to ſink, or ſwell

Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deſiver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high;
No light but from the terrors of the ſky;
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate! what then canſt thou afford
To comfort, and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why doſt thou forſake whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing vein
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
And caught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, oh my God! oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!

From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
O rocks to yawn compaſſionately deep:
Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threat'ning in his Prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs:
Heav'ns! e'en the good man trembles—

And is there a laſt day? and muſt there come
A ſure, a fixt inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow;
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting vine,
And thou, more dreadful foe, bright beauty ſhine;
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!

What equals this? and ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own ſoul.
For ever then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And fluſh my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r ſuſpend;
In ſolid heaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
To reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
By nature dreadful and a-thirſt for blood,
His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the Prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkneſs round him all horrors ſpread,
And the ſea bellow'd o'er his ſinking head?
When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultous riſe;
When now the foaming ſurges toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky:
When death draws near, mariners aghaſt
Look back with terror on their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts thro' fear and anguiſh melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought,
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling Prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and booming o'er his head
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue.)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world from high
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye.
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles in the monſters of the deep,
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep;
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heaven and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air,
Struggles for vent, and lays the center bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize,
The Prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from ſide to ſide;
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,
Or falls immerſt into the deeps below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;

To the foundations of the hills convey'd
Dwells in the ſhelving mountains dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd he draws breath,
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.
Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks, and ſands he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountain gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe and pour
His ſacred gueſt uninjur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues,.

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

—— We hope, that the departed will riſe again from the duſt; after which, like the Gods, they will be immortal.

NOW man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the raſh adventure coſt,
In wide eternity I dare be loſt.
The muſe wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To teach the ſwain, or celebrate the king.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to human kind:
I ſing to men and angels; angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with mine,
Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound,
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;

In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains to the deep,
To ſmoothe and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long committed duſt.
Now carnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head, the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying there to claim
Deſerted members, and complete the frame.
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord.
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmoak'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
Bid with due horror his great ſoul farewell.
Obſcure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Tho' realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each vagrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.
So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'rings end,
And gently circling on a bough deſcend.

The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wond'ring ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid;
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for her appointed fate:
This ſoul returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.
Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And beat the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.
That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wiſe, and juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace.
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone and burial-earth,
Labour with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,

* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent, and coſtly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth, but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave,
All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such in this day of horrors ſhall be ſeen,
To face the thunders with a God-like mien,
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre ſhakes, their heads diſdain to move;
An earth diſſolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on ev'ry ſide,
Serene the view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.
O wond'rous change! what unknown objects riſe,
Shake my belief, and fill me with ſurprize?
Here, Greatneſs proſtrate falls, there, Strength gives
place;
Here, Lazars ſmile, there, Beauty hides her face.
Chriſtians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans ſtand,
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.
But none are ſluſh'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juſter confidence enjoy the ſtorm,

Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful muſe, that homage ſhew,
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.
Whickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illuſtrious * names,
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;
Beneath your ſhades, and near your cryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
When other records length of years ſhall blaſt,
In your adopted ſons your fame ſhall laſt,
And make thoſe Kings to lateſt ages known,
Thoſe happy monarchs, under whom you ſhone:
A moment ſhone, illuſtriouſly bright,
Then left the morning world, and ſet in night;
But now you riſe eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who ſome few years ago was leſs
Than worm, or mite or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire
Of ev'y ſtar ſhall languiſh or expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from his ſpacious hand,

* Founders of New-college, Corpus-Chriſti, and All-Souls in Oxford.

Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of Love Divine?
But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wond'rous height can ſoar,
The judge deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the bar.
This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts;
Fiction be far away, let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled god be ſeen;
Behold the GOD of Gods indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow,
The mighty plain, and deluge all below.
And ev'ry age, and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourdon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their birth disjoin.
How empty learning and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?
What volumes have been ſwell'd what time been ſpent
To fix a hero's birth-day or deſcent?
What joy muſt it now yield, what raptures riſe,
To ſee the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
Caſar unnoted in your preſence ſtands

How vaſt the concourſe, not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above.
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand:
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fate's decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt,
They all are here, and here they all are loſt;
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
'For judgment, judgment ſons of men prepare!'
Earth ſhakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt pow'r of earth
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all the world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt? what numbers canſt thou chuſe.

A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great ſov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! where time and place,
Matter and form, and fortune, life and grace,

Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball,
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath.
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
  Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee on an empyreal flying throne
Awfully rais'd, Heav'n's everlaſting Son;
Crown'd with that majeſty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praiſe, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him like the zodiac winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge ſhines in pureſt light,
On one, the ſword of juſtice fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd impoſtor he ſhall bleed?
  But oh! you ſons of men, exalt your voice,
And bid the ſoul through all her powers rejoice:
Mercy, his darling, in his boſom found,
Scatters ambroſial odours all around;
Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
And ſooths his rage, and melts his thunders down.
My thoughts are chang'd; now man exalt thine eye,
In thy dread Judge thy dear Redeemer ſpy:
Ev'n Judas ſtruggles his diſpair to quell;
Hope almoſt bloſſoms in the ſhades of hell.

Thus glorious through the courts of heav'n, the
ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell
And mingling voices with rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Cou'd Satan hear, he were a God again:
All heav'n ſhines forth, in all her pomp compleat,
For God, himſelf, magnificently great.
Triumphant King of glory? Soul of bliſs?
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this!
O? whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn,
And indigence of him, in Bethlem born;
A needy, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from him, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From him, who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and
dy'd;
Hung piere'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above. earth unconcern'd below?
And was't enough to bid the ſun retire?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee I hear, I feel the pangs divine,
The world is vaniſh'd,--I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken Caiphas! ah! which blaſphem'd,
Thou or thy priſoner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'tis wond'rous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for thee.
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.

There all the clouds condens'd, two columns riſe,
Diſtinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of his awful court.
Sheets of bright azure from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns fly,
Death wrapt in chains low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd;
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his dreadful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſhades a ſtain,
Where'er floats, on earth, in air, or main:
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright?
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the ſun ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm they wiſh it all a dream:
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport may the ſcene behold.
Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?

By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
'O thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
'Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
'Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watry worlds to flame,
'That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
'Earth's meaneſt ſon, with trembling, proſtrate falls,
'And on the plenty of thy goodneſs calls.
'Ah! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
'To ſcatter wide, and bury in the deep:
'Thy pow'r, my weakneſs may I ever ſee,
'And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee.
'Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
'At thy command, nor human motive know!
'If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
'And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
'My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
'And life the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
'Oh may my underſtanding ever read
'This glorious volume, which thy wiſdom made!
'Who decks the maiden ſpring with flow'ry pride?
'Who calls forth ſummer, like a ſparkling bride?
'Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown?
'And bids old winter lay her honours down?
'Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
'Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war.
'May ſea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
'To bring th' eternal Author to my mind.
'When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
'May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul;

'When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
'Adore, my heart, the Majeſty Divine.
'Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
'Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
'Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
'Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt thine:
'Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
'The cluſter blaſts, or bids it richly flow;
'Tis thou that leads our profile armies forth,
'And giv'ſt great Anne thy ſceptre o'er the north.
'Grant I may ever at the morning-ray,
'Open with pray'r the conſecrated day:
'Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
'And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
'As that advances, let my zeal improve,
'And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
'Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
'My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
'And oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night,
'To ſacred thought may forcibly invite
'When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
'Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
'Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
'And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
'How every boiſterous thought in calms ſubſides!
'How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides;
'O how divine! to tread the milky way,
'To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
'His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
'Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
'Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
'While I long vigils to its founder keep.
'Canſt thou not ſhake the centre? oh controul,
'Subdue by force the rebel in my ſoul:
'Thou, who can ſtill the raging of the flood,
'Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;

'Teach me with equal firmneſs to ſuſtain
'Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
'O may I pant for thee in each deſire!
'And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
'Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
'Which in eternity's deep boſom lies!
'At the great day of recompence behold,
'Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
'Then wafted upward to the bleſsful ſeat,
'From age to age my grateful ſong repeat;
'My light, my life, my God, my ſaviour ſee,
'And rival angels in the praiſe of thee.'

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operſa laboret. OVID MET.

THE unfolding, the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels, tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next preſume to ſing: what yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the muſe or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever ly.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal;
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heav'n opening all its ſacred pomp diſplays.
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
Ten thouſand trumpets now at once advance;
No deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:

So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky;
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
When high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
Not guilty fear, nor fancy's ſelf can draw
A meeting more auguſt, of greater awe.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
See on the left, (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death, in every face and mein!
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with diſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Shouldſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended int'reſts levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched ſelf alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;
How wou'd it wound? what millions would'ſt thou give
For one more trial, one day more to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of grace;

Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air
Reſtrain the Sun; but ſtill of this deſpair.
Mark on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's Image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread Tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
O the tranſcendant glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the Prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the glorious prize,
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt,
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair,
Look round, and, view the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts time's brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects, crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;

Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Cou'd bind the madneſs of the roaring main:
All loſt! all undiſtinguiſh'd! no where found!
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound!
Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly?
With what a weight on crowns and ſceptres ly?
E'en great and good Auguſtus is not ſeen,
For haughty Babylon's victorious Queen.
What then is he, † who amidſt the radiant bands
Of ſpotleſs ſaints, and laurel'd martyrs ſtands,
Conſpicuous from afar? whoſe rays ſo bright
Solicit, and attract the raviſh'd ſight;
In whom I ſee two diſtant virtues join'd,
A royal greatneſs, and an humble mind;
His lifted hands his lofty neck ſurround,
To hide the ſcarlet of a circling wound;
Th' almighty Judge bends forward from his throne,
Theſe ſcars to mark, and then regards his own.
Jeruſalem's foundations groan aloud,
And Albion ſinks beneath her ambient cloud.
Not far, methinks, I kindred-features trace
In a majeſtic, tho' a female, face,
Her conſort by; around them ſmiling move
The beauteous bloſſoms of their fruitful love:
Known of their parents, they their parents know;
Their boſoms with a double tranſport glow;
Bleſt in themſelves, but more than bleſt to find
All held moſt dear in equal bleſſing join'd.
In one, ſuperior majeſty appears,
Advanc'd in beauty, as advanc'd in years.
What melting ſweetneſs, what commanding grace
Meet on his brow, like victory and peace?
Oh! to what fav'rite part of human-kind
Was this ſo great, but dang'rous gift deſign'd?
What nation humbly cou'd enjoy his reign;
If loſt, with patience ſuch a loſs ſuſtain?

† King CHARLES I.

Ah ſay Britannia, whence this vengeance flow'd,
Haſt thou not yet aton'd thy martyr's blood?
Edward's and Henry's ſtill aloud reſound?
Now are their names in greater Gloſter drown'd;
Oh! what a godlike race in him is loſt?
What has his death e'en future ages coſt?
But us'd with art, and rightly underſtood,
All diſpenſations from above are good:
And though with frightful aſpect they ſurpriſe,
Moſt ills are only bleſſings in diſguiſe.
Oh happy iſſue! to whom ne'er was known
The bright temptations ſparkling from a throne;
Great parents! who thoſe bright temptations knew,
Knowing engag'd, engaging overthrew.
Now, juſt reward! celeſtial crowns encloſe
With deathleſs glories your victorious brows.
For ſee the volume vaſt, ſince time begun
Juſt regiſter of all beneath the ſun,
Is thrown full wide; peace ocean! ſilence lull
The ſounding winds! ye ſpheres forbear to roll!
Hear, O creation, thy great Maſter ſpeak!
Now firſt for guilty man bleſt angels ſhake.
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd,
Southern or eaſtern ſcepter downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.
Aloft, the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay,
Brighter than brightneſs, the diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' Eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;

Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhooting angels hail'd the Victor God.
Horrors beneath, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace, formidable, deep and wide,
O'er boiling with a mad ſulphurous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſon of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heav'n's everlaſting throne.
Such is the ſcene, and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares, —I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 'tis diſtant, I behold it now;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the guilty breaſt
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.
'Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
'Ah! cruel death, that would no longer ſave,
'But grudged me e'en that narrow dark abode,
'And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
'Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain
'And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
'Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
'The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
'Muſt all thoſe pow'rs, heav'n gave me to ſupply
'My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy.
'Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
'Senſe, reaſon, memory, increaſe my woe?
'And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
'Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?

'Oh! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
'And with exiſtence only meaſure pain?
'What no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
'No beam of hope from any point of heav'n?
'Ah mercy! mercy; art thou dead above?
'Is love extinguiſh'd in the ſource of love?
'Bold that I am, did heav'n ſtoop down to hell?
'Th' expiring Lord of Life my ranſome ſeal?
'Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
'From his embraces obſtinately broke?
'Purſu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
'Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
'And dare I on extinguiſh'd love exclaim?
'Take, take full vengeance rouze the ſlack'ning flame.
'Juſt is my lot—but, oh! muſt it tranſcend
'The reach of time, diſpair a diſtant end?
'With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe
'Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
'Never! where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
'Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound?
'Down, down (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
'Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
'My plunge but ſtill begun.—and this for ſin?
'Cou'd I offend, if I had never been,
'But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
'Flow'd in the ſtream, or flouriſh'd in the graſs?
'Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
'Didſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth?
'Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night?
'And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
'Puſh into being a reverſe of thee,
'And animate a clod with miſery?
'The beaſts are happy, they come forth and keep
'Short watch on earth, and then ly down to ſleep.
'Pain is for man; and oh! how vaſt a pain
'For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?

'Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,
'And flung his agonies, and death away?
'As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
'Our conſtitution too for ever young,
'Curs'd with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame,
'Powerful to bear and ſatisfy the flame;
'Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſu'd!
'To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
'And this my help! my God! at thy decree?
'Nature is chang'd, and hell ſhould ſuccour me.
'And canſt thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
'And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs,
'Calling thee Father in a ſea of fire,
'Or pouring blaſphemies at thy deſire?
'With mortal's anguiſh wilt thou raiſe thy name,
'And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
'Thou who can'ſt toſs the planets too and fro,
'Contract not thy vengeance to my woe;
'Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fallen angels lay;
'On me almighty wrath is caſt away.
'Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
'Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage:
'Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame,
'But loſe me in the greatneſs of thy name.
'Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
'And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
'Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
'And from its courſe turn back omnipotence?
'Forbid it! and oh! grant, great God, at leaſt
'This one, this ſlender, almoſt no requeſt;
'When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
'When torment is grown weary of its prey,
'When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
'Ten thouſand thouſands, let me then expire.
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul,
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,

Though loth, and every loud blaſpheming owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain;
To talk to fiery tempeſts, to implore
The raging flame to give its burning o'er,
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of the thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And liſt the voice to their almighty king;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.
But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And darted downward ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
And ſpiry flames ſhoot thro' the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;

From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the winds impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame; it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky,
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in the ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes waſted overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm:
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack, that ſound which
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook? [broke
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right-hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade,
High midſt the clouds the boiling ocean roars,
And looks far down on his decreaſing ſhores;
Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,
In diſtant diſmal pants the long liv'd echoes die.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heav'n ſeemed diligent to bleſs.
Once call'd Britannia; can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
And all their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel ſay, where ran proud Aſia's bound,
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte Libia; where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:

Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, of earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conquering flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars all melt away,
And leave a mighty blank: involv'd in flame,
The whole creation ſinks! the glorious frame,
In which ten thouſand worlds, in radiant dance,
Orb above orb their wond'rous courſe advance,
By that o'er-ruling hand, which kindled all
The ſtars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
Is cruſh'd and loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's ſix days work devour.
How rich that God who can ſuch charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thouſand worlds away?
Great wealth! and yet (ye nations hear!) one ſoul
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes thro' all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for man?
For him Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art.
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on theſe hidden treaſures, thou ſhalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind,
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter ſun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts thy landing wait.
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous God
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one Eternal Day.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
60
MAR

AN

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

WITH AN

HYMN

TO

ADVERSITY.

BY

Mr. GRAY.

LONDON:
Printed for J. JAMES in New-Bond-Street, 1762.

AN

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homewards plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drouſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her antient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhade,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſe-wife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return.
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long drawn ile and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may reſt,
Some CROMWELL guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd:
Forbade to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learnt to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet even theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implore the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate,

Haply, ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
'Now drooping, woful man, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

'The next, with dirges hue and ſad array,
'Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him born,
'Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

The EPITAPH.

"HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to miſ'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his father and his God."

HYMN to ADVERSITY.

By the ſame.

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentleſs pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy ſire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore;
What ſorrow was, thou badſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noiſe, and thoughtleſs joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, ſilent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
With juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh! gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful hand,
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell diſeaſe, and ghaſtly poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel, and know myſelf a man.

FINIS.

THE GRAVE.

A

POEM.

By *ROBERT BLAIR.*

The houſe appointed for all living. Job.

LONDON,
Printed for J. JAMES in New-Bond-Street.
M DCC LX I.

THE GRAVE.

WHILST ſome affect the ſun, and ſome the ſhade,
Some flee the city, ſome the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying thro' life;—the taſk be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Theſe travellers meet.——Thy ſuccours I implore,
Eternal King! whoſe potent arm ſuſtains
The keys of hell and death.——The grave, dread thing!
Men ſhiver, when thou'rt nam'd: nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmneſs.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful waſtes!
Where nought but ſilence reigns, and night, dark night,

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant ſun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The ſickly taper,
By glimmering thro' thy low-brow'd miſty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy ſlime,)
Lets fall a ſupernumerary horror,
And only ſerves to make thy night more irkſome.
Well do I know thee by thy truſty yew,
Chearleſs, unſocial plant; that loves to dwell
'Midſt ſculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghoſts, and viſionary ſhades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their myſtic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd, 'midſt the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illuſtrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a ſound ſo dreary:
Doors creek, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the ſpire, ſcreams loud: the gloomy iſles
Black-plaiſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of 'ſcutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults
The manſions of the dead.——Rous'd from their ſlumbers,
In grim array the griſly ſpectres riſe,

Grin horrible, and obſtinately ſullen
Paſs and repaſs, huſh'd as the foot of night.
Again the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks: ungracious ſound!
I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coæval near with that,) all ragged ſhew
Long laſh'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchleſs trunks: others ſo thin a top,
That ſcarce two crows can lodge in the ſame tree.
Strange things, the neighbours ſay, have happen'd here:
Wild ſhrieks have iſſu'd from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their chear, at wake or goſſiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen
By glimpſe of moon-ſhine, chequering thro' the trees,
The ſchool-boy with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones,
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phraſe who lie below.
Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or thinks he hears
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels;
Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale

Of horrid apparition, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new-open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell!)
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too, I've ſometimes 'ſpy'd,
Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:
Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
Whilſt burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,
Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy meddling memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave—how doſt thou rend in ſunder
Whom love has knit, and ſympathy made one?
A tie more ſtubborn far than nature's band.
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul;
Sweetner of life, and ſolder of ſociety;
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to pleaſe.——Oh! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,

Hid from the vulgar eye; and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limbid ſtream has ſlid along
In grateful errors thro' the under-wood,
Sweet-murmuring: Methought the ſhrill-tongu'd thruſh
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd ev'ry note:
The eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt ev'ry flower
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dreſs.——Oh! then, the longeſt ſummer's day
Seem'd too too much in haſte: ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'Twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave——thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful blood
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madneſs.
Where are the Jeſters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleaſant? Where the droll
Whoſe ev'ry look and geſture was a joke
To clapping theatres and ſhouting crouds,
And made even thick-lip'd muſing melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb, as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman cæſars, and the Græcian chiefs,
The boaſt of ſtory? Where the hot-brain'd youth?
Who the tiara at his pleaſure tore
From kings of all the then diſcover'd globe;
And cry'd, forſooth, becauſe his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas? how ſlim diſhonourably ſlim,
And cramm'd into a ſpace we bluſh to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where haſt thou hid thy many-ſpangled head,
And the majeſtic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerleſs now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his ſwathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the ſacrificer's knife,
Mute, muſt thou bear the ſtrife of little tongues,
And coward inſults of the baſe-born croud;
That grudge a privilege, thou never hadſt,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmoleſted and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very ſcruple;
Oh cruel irony! Theſe come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon-ſlave, that's bury'd

In the high-way, unſhrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as ſoft, and ſleeps as ſound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high deſcent
Above the vulgar born, to rot in ſtate.

But ſee! the well-plum'd Herſe comes nodding on
Stately and ſlow; and properly attended
By the whole ſable tribe, that painful watch
The ſick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their perſons by the hour,
To mimic ſorrow, when the heart's not ſad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the ſun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy ſhow; whilſt from the caſements
And houſes tops, ranks behind ranks cloſe wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcaſe
That's fall'n into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers tell us,
'Midſt all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty ſtir?——'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'ſt
Below the envy of the private man.

Honour, that meddleſome officious ill,
Purſues thee ev'n to death; nor there ſtops ſhort.
Strange perſecution! when the grave itſelf
Is no protection from rude ſufferance.

Abſurd to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to reſcue ours.
The beſt concerted ſchemes men lay for fame
Die faſt away: only themſelves die faſter.
The far-fam'd ſculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Thoſe bold inſurancers of deathleſs fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride
And wonder of the world; whoſe ſpiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm:
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heaven,
ſhatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone with hieroglyphics cruſted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable ſight:
The labour of whole ages, lumbers down,
Sepulchral columns wreſtle but in vain
With all-ſubduing time: her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice waſteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge.
Ambition half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who ſwam to ſov'reign rule thro' ſeas of blood;
Th' oppreſſive, ſturdy, man-deſtroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms and laid empires waſte,
And in a cruel wantonneſs of power
Thinn'd ſtates of half their people, and gave up
To want, the reſt: now, like a ſtorm that's ſpent,
Lie huſh'd, and meanly ſneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general ſcorn,
That haunts, and doggs them like an injur'd ghoſt
Implacable.——Here too the petty tyrant,
Whoſe ſcant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as ſhort;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like ſome lordly beaſt of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
A hideous and miſhapen length of ruins.
And piteous plaintive voice of miſery:
(As if a ſlave was not a ſhred of nature,
Of the ſame common nature with his lord):
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whip'd,
Shakes hands with duſt, and calls the worm his kinſman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright.—Under ground
Precedency's a jeſt; vaſſal and lord
Groſsly familiar, ſide by ſide conſume.

When ſelf-eſteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly perſuade us we were ſomething

Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainſays the ſmooth-complexion'd flatt'ry
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulſe, unknown before,
The grave diſcredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lilies ſoil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of! Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I ſee thee with thy head low laid,
Whilſt ſurfeited upon thy damaſk cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glaſs?
T'improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not. O Foul feeder
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,
And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.

Strength too—thou ſurly, and leſs gentle boaſt
Of thoſe that laugh loud at the village-ring:
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down
With greater eaſe, than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling.
That raſhly dar'd thee to th'unequal fight.

What groan was that I heard?—Deep groan indeed!
With anguiſh heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man,
By ſtronger arm belabour'd, gaſps for breath,
Like a hard-hunted beaſt. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy cheſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The ſtrong-built ſinewy limbs, and well-ſpread ſhoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him.
Mad with his pain!———Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,
Juſt like a creature drowning; hideous ſight!
Oh! how his eyes ſtand out, and ſtare full ghaſtly!
Whilſt the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow croſs his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his laſt.——See how the great goliah,
Juſt like a child that brawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill.———What mean'ſt thou then, O mighty boaſter,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the Bull,
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well-invented knife?

With ſtudy pale, and midnight vigils ſpent,
The ſtar ſurveying ſage, cloſe to his eye

Applies the ſight invigorating tube;
And travelling thro' the boundleſs length of ſpace,
Marks well the courſes of the far-ſeen orbs,
That roll with regular confuſion there,
In ecſtaſy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very ſoon, thy firmeſt footing fails;
And down thou dropp'ſt into that darkſome place,
Where nor device, nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to paſſers by.
Great man of language,—whence this mighty change?
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' ſtrong perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly inſinuation's ſofter arts
In ambuſh lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now? Thick miſts and ſilence
Reſt, like a weary cloud, upon thy breaſt
Unceaſing.——Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the leſſer ornaments of phraſe?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or more provoking,
Perchance ſome hackney hunger-bitten ſcribbler
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,

With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouſe a dead man into rage,
And warm with red reſentment the wan cheek.

Here the great maſters of the healing-art,
Theſe mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons
Reſign to fate.——Proud Æſculapius' ſon!
Where are thy boaſted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ſhip could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Eſcap'd thy rifling hand:—from ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wrung'ſt their ſhy-retiring virtues out
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor inſect,
Nor writhy ſnake, eſcap'd thy deep reſearch.
But why this apparatus? why this coſt?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipe's and cordials now,
With the long liſt of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou ſpeakeſt not.—The bold impoſtor
Looks not more ſilly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-ſided miſer, worſt of felons,
Who meanly ſtole (diſcreditable ſhift,)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax, it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd.

Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed.
Rob'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh! curſed luſt of gold; when for thy ſake,
The fool throws up his int'reſt in both worlds:
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O death!
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions;
Who counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help,
But ſhrieks in vain!—How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer.
Oh! might ſhe ſtay, to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage.——Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a ſtanch murd'rer, ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
Till forc'd at laſt to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.

Sure 'tis a ſerious thing to die! My ſoul,
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near

Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulph in view!
That awful gulph, no mortal e'er repaſs'd
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And every life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt: body and ſoul muſt part;
Fond couple; link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This, wings its way to its almighty ſource,
The witneſs of its actions, now its judge;
That, drops into the dark and noiſome grave,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence firſt they ſprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—Then might the Drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear death:—Then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,
By ſtealing out of being, when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp, or ſteel.
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open.—Who could force
The ill-pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?——Sure he does well

What helps himſelf, as timely as he can,
Then able.——But if there is an hereafter,
And that there is, conſcience, uninfluenc'd
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man;
Then muſt it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our iſland's ſhame;
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring ſtates,
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate
Self-preſervation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it heaven!—Let not, upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be foully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
To ruſh into the preſence of our judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath.—Unheard-of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are numbered;
How long, how ſhort, we know not:—this we know
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till heaven ſhall give permiſſion:
Like centries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the brave, that keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away,

Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark:—'tis mad:
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
Oh! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out:
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.
I've heard that ſouls departed, have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarm.—But what means
This ſtinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die?——Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking
Upon a point ſo nice?—I'll aſk no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves. Well,—'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are and as cloſe.

Death's ſhafts fly thick:—Here falls the village-ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round;
And who ſo artful as to put it by?
'Tis long ſince death had the majority;

Yet ſtrange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The ſexton, hoary-headed chronicle
Of hard unmeaning face down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear; with mattoc in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far has juniors.——Scarce a ſcull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.——Thus hand in hand
The ſot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet, ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.

On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet lanch out
Into fantaſtic ſchemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days,
Could ſcarce have leiſure for.——Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourſelves
At the ſame time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours—Oh! more than ſottiſh
For creatures of a day in gameſome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehenſive; when, for ought we know

The very firſt ſwoln ſurge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a reſiſtleſs unremitting ſtream;
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
What? but a ſpacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's ſpoils, the ſpoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead mens bones.
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd:
And we that live muſt lend our carcaſes
To cover our own offspring:——In their turns
They too muſt cover theirs.——'Tis here all meet:
The ſhiv'ring icelander and ſun burnt moor:
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the jew, the turk, and chriſtian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His ſov'reign's keeper, and the people's ſcourge,
Are huddled out of ſight.——Here lie abaſh'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated maſters of the balance,
Deep read in ſtratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-ſkill:—Death ſcorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded ſlave flings down his burden
From his gall'd ſhoulders:———and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his gaurds and tools of pow'r about him,

Is meditating new unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm;—and quick as thought, eſcapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary reſt.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling ſtream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of love,)
Faſt by his gentle miſtreſs lays him down
Unblaſted by foul tongue.——Here friends and foes
Lie cloſe; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and presbyter,
E'er while that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like ſiſter-ſtreams
That ſome rude interpoſing rock had ſplit.
Here is the large-limb'd peaſant:—Here the child
Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs'd the nipple, ſtrangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her ſons and daughters;
The barren wife: and long-demurring maid,
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude ſevere, and gay coquet,
The ſober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a roſe, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſclos'd.—Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe every day was made of melody,

Hears not the voice of mirth;—The ſhrill-tongu'd
ſhrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the generous, and the brave;
The juſt, the good, the worthleſs, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean,
The ſupple ſtateſman, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of Nations, and the ſpoils of time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.

Poor man!—how happy once in thy firſt ſtate!
When yet but warm from thy great maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his laſt fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the ſoul ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their ſeveral parts.—Nor head nor heart,
Offer'd to ache:——Nor was there cauſe they ſhould;
For all was pure within:———No fell remorſe,
For anxious caſtings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful boſom:——Summer ſeas
Shew not more ſmooth, when kiſs'd by ſouthern winds
Juſt ready to expire.——Scarce importun'd,
The generous ſoil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing moſt perfect in its kind.
Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed days!—But ah! how ſhort!

Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like thoſe, and quickly gone.
Oh! ſlipp'ry ſtate of things.——What ſudden turns?
What ſtrange viciſſitudes in the firſt leaf
Of man's ſad hiſtory?——To-day moſt happy,
And ere to-morrow's ſun has ſet, moſt abject.
How ſcant the ſpace between theſe vaſt extremes!
Thus far'd it with our ſire:——Not long h' enjoy'd
His paradiſe.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair ſpot, due time to prove its ſweets,
Or ſum them up; when ſtrait he muſt be gone,
Ne'er to return again.——And muſt he go?
Can nought compound for the firſt dire offence
Of erring man?——Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.——But 'tis in vain.
Not all the laviſh odours of the place
Offer'd in incenſe can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom———A mighty angel
With flaming ſword forbids his longer ſtay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor muſt he take
One laſt and farewel round.—At once he loſt
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now
And ſorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has ſinn'd.
Sick of his bliſs, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: Nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! deſtructive meaſure!

Where the worſt thing could happen, is ſucceſs,)
Alas! too well he ſped:—The good he ſcorn'd,
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghoſt,
Not to return;——or if it did, its viſits
Like thoſe of angels, ſhort and far between:
Whilſt the black dæmon with his hell-ſcap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man; who now too late
Saw the raſh error, which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future ſons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vaſſalage ſo vile and cruel,
And its vaſt body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havock haſt thou made, foul monſter, ſin
Greateſt and firſt of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all demenſions!——— But for thee
Sorrow had never been.—All-noxious thing,
Of vileſt nature! Other ſorts of evils
Are kindly circumſcrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
That belches molten ſtone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of ſmoke and ſtench,
Marrs the adjacent fields, for ſome leagues round,
And there it ſtops.—The big-ſwoln inundation,

Of miſchief more diffuſive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its ſhore it cannot paſs.
More dreadful f r than theſe! Sin has laid waſte,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Diſpatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their ſakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blaſting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurſed thing!——Oh! where ſhall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expreſſive
Of all thy horrors?——Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper ſo tranſcendently malign,
That toads and ſerpents of moſt deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee are harmleſs.—Sickneſſes
Of ev'ry ſize and ſymptom, racking pains,
And blueſt plagues, are thine.—See how the fiend
Profuſely ſcatters the contagion round!
Whilſt deep-mouth'd ſlaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new-ſpilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is ſtruck.

But hold,—I've gone too far; too much diſcover'd
My father's nakedneſs, and nature's ſhame.
Here let me pauſe, and drop an honeſt tear,
One burſt of filial duty and condolence,

O'er all thoſe ample deſarts death hath ſpread,
This chaos of mankind.——O great man-eater!
Whoſe ev'ry day is carnival, not ſated yet,
Unheard of epicure! without a fellow!
The veryeſt gluttons do not always cram:
Some intervals of abſtinence are ſought
To edge the appetite: thou ſeekeſt none.
Methinks the countleſs ſwarms thou haſt devour'd,
And thouſands that each hour thou gobbleſt up;
This, leſs than this, might gorge thee to the full
But ah! rapacious ſtill, thou gap'ſt for more:
Like one whoſe days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays her ſkinny hand,
And whets to keeneſt eagerneſs his cravings.
(As if diſeaſes, maſſacres, and poiſon,
Famine and war, were not thy caterers.)

But know, that thou muſt render up thy dead,
And with high int'reſt too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a ſeaſon,
Till the great promis'd day of reſtitution;
When loud diffuſive ſound from brazen trump
Of ſtrong-lung'd cherub, ſhall alarm thy captives,
And rouſe the long, long ſleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——
Then muſt thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,

And pure as ſilver from the crucible,
That twice has ſtood the torture of the fire
And inquiſition of the forge.——We know,
Th' illuſtrious deliverer of mankind,
THE SON OF GOD, the foil'd.——Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'ſt not hold:——ſelf-vigorous he roſe,
And, ſhaking off thy fetters, ſoon retook
Thoſe ſpoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releaſement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he ſojourn'd here on earth,
And ſhew'd himſelf alive to choſen witneſſes
By proofs ſo ſtrong, that the moſt ſlow aſſenting
Had not a ſcruple left.——This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the ſevering clouds: But the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chace, ſoon drops its hold;
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends ſhut out: as ſome great prince
Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train:—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his followers be.
Death only lies between.——A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will ſoon go off.——Beſides there's no by-road
To bliſs.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,

Start we at tranſient hardſhips in the way
That leads to purer air, and ſofter ſkies,
And a ne'er ſetting ſun?——Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be, where ſweets unwith'ring, bloom;
But ſtrait our wiſh revoke, and will not go.
So have I ſeen, upon a ſummer's ev'n,
Faſt by the riv'let's brink, a youngſter play:
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide!
This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd:
At laſt he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late.—Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful bleeding ſtep
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long wiſh'd for ſhore.—Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a bleſſing!——Death diſarm'd
Loſes her ſelneſs quite.——All thanks to him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out.——Sure the laſt end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well ſpent, whoſe early care it was
His riper years ſhould not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;

Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting.
(High in his faith and hopes,) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away:
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight, are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the faſt-coming harveſt.——Then!—Oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—The glad ſoul
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag fleſh
Reſts too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to ſunder more.
Nor ſhall it hope in vain.——The time draws on
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial-earth,
Whether on land, or in the ſpacious ſea,
But muſt give back its long-committed duſt
Inviolate:——And faithfully ſhall theſe
Make up the full account;—not the leaſt atom
Imbezzl'd, or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each ſoul ſhall have a body ready furniſh'd;
And each ſhall have his own.——Hence ye profane,
Ask not, how this can be?——Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.————Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days: and what he can, he will;

His faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done,
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring duſt,
(Not unattentive to the call,) ſhall wake:
And ev'ry joint poſſeſs its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its firſt ſtate.—Nor ſhall the conſcious ſoul
Miſtake its partner, but amidſt the croud,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh, with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been abſent,
With haſte runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to ſee the whole.—Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, ſhall ever part them more.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonleſs night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus at the ſhut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

F I N I S.

THE HERMIT.

TOGETHER WITH

A

NIGHT PIECE

ON

DEATH.

BOTH WRITTEN BY

DR. THOMAS PARNELL,

LATE

Arch-Deacon of CLOGHER:

AND

Publiſhed by Mr. POPE.

LONDON,
Printed for J. JAMES in New-Bond-Street.
MDCCLXII.

THE

HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſ'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhou'd triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſcene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,

And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my ſon, the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm round.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober gray;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe;

There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home;
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the ſire; when far upon the road,

The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he liſts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud a-croſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping caus'd a deſart there.
As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then, his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recals:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;

And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face!
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes on azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom
With all the travel of uncertain thought; [wrought,
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now nights dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:

It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world renew'd by calm repoſe
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breath blue fire, cou'd more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:

A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trode before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the fathers eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch——But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wid eat his back their gardual plumes diſplay
The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel——Thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
The maker juſtly claims that world be made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtrook thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back!
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 60
MAR

A NIGHT-PIECE *on* DEATH.

BY the blue taper's tremb'ling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.
How deep yon azure dies the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,
While thro' their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.

There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.

Thoſe graves, with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lye,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrap'd with ſhrouds,

They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to dye.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and mid-night ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.

When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things;
They make, and then they dread my ſtings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man wou'd ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.

Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendent cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
When'e-er their ſuffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun:
Such joy, tho' far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years, they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide.
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

FINIS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING, AN IMITATION OF MILTON.

BY

Mr. PHILIPS.

LONDON:
Printed for J. JAMES in New-Bond-Street 1762.

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING,

———*Sing, heavenly muſe,* ———
Things unattempted yet, in proſe or rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, *and* Chimeras-dire.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken, or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly-miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's-Magpye, or Town-Hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while, he ſmoaks, and laughs at merry tale,
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corps ſuſtain;
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* *Two noted Ale-houſes in* Oxford.

Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize
Smoaks Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantick tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the antient town
Yclip'd Brechina, or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel aſcends,
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls, I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect
Thro' ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhud'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters, and figures dire inſcrib'd,

Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert
Such plagues from righteous men;) behind him ſtalks
Another monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magick charms
Erſt have endu'd, if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance ſtrict detain him, till in form
Of money, Pallas ſets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin to domeſtick vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,

She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my days. But when nocturnal ſhades
This world invelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſperate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant fantom curſe.
Thus do I live from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſuns genial rays
Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor Medlar-fruit, delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My Galligaſkins that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd, (what will not time ſubdue!)

An horrid chaſm diſcloſe, with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On Scylla, or Charibdis (dang'rous rocks)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea, in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears.
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the battering waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

FINIS.

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